

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 30, 1964 30 CENTS

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## Next week

A MASTERS PREVIEW offers six major golf stories highlighted by Jack Nicklaus' analysis of the course, in which he surprisingly proves how Augusta National favors the big hitter.

THE BEST BOXERS in the world train in a dilapidated room in Miami Beach. A report on the Fifth Street Gym, a wonderfully successful throw-back to famed old Sullivan's.

COLLEGE WRESTLING has two great teams, Oklahoma State and Iowa State. But when they meet for the championship the outcome may depend on Syracuse's big Jim Nance.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

*John J. F. Jones*

The world of investment knows Jack Dreyfus Jr., president of Dreyfus Fund Inc., as a financier with a remarkably analytical eye for the future performance of securities. This week, in the story beginning on page 62, *Sports Illustrated* takes pleasure in presenting the same Jack Dreyfus as a horseman and breeder with a remarkably analytical eye for the future performance of Thoroughbreds. Racing fans stand to learn a few things about the investment business and investors something of the lively business of running a racing stable. All readers of all interests are invited to enjoy the personality story of an American with steady roots in sport and Wall Street.

The assignment to find and tell the story of Alabama-born Jack Dreyfus was given to Novelist Joe David Brown (*Amos in My Corner*, *The Foxholder*, *Amos for Justice*), who happens to be an Alabamian himself. Brown quickly found that his problem was getting enough time with his subject, without interruption, to show the dimensions of his man. "Jack Dreyfus does get away to the track or to his breeding farm in Florida occasionally, but not at the expense of his Wall Street affairs," notes Joe David. Sessions in Dreyfus' office were not enough for Brown, who declares himself "constitutionally unable to write about anybody on short acquaintance." Finally, after he had talked also with Dreyfus' friends and associates in Wall Street and had scouted the Florida horse farm, Brown and his subject slipped off to Dreyfus' Manhattan penthouse for a long and leisurely luncheon, followed by a long and leisurely talk—and only then did I feel I knew him well enough to put him down on paper."

The time-consuming novelist's method that Joe David Brown brings to his writing nowadays is an acquired one. His first job after the University of Alabama (1934) was handling a police reporter's beat for the *Birmingham Post*



FINANCER DREYFUS, NOVELIST BROWN

After a spell as its editor of the *Post* when Fala's Luck, he set out to explore the U. S., working on newspapers in Chattanooga and St. Louis, press agenting for a Mississippi River showboat and serving as a warden for the Alabama Department of Correction. He was not settling down as a reporter for the high-speed New York *Daily News* when World War II came along. Brown jumped in with both feet as a forward-observer participant with the 101st Airborne Division, earned a Purple Heart and a Croix de Guerre. A frequent contributor to *Sports Illustrated*, Brown has recently written for us on such subjects as the Marchion brothers of Texas how to catch a sturgeon and the natassa's affection for the Davis air rifle.

While Brown was working on the Dreyfus story, our picture department was looking for a suitable photograph, illustration to open it—suitable, that is, for a Wall Streeter who has made a perambulating lion the advertising symbol of his firm. Their solution was the photograph by Neal Bar on page 62. The lion in the background is not as live as it may look, Dreyfus having agreed with the photographer that "all live lions are very unpredictable." Our lion came originally from Uganda and is now hooked for occasional appearances by the Cypress Hills Taverium Studio in Brooklyn, N.Y.

## Sports Illustrated

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*U.S. AIRLINES: who's ahead in the competition for passengers?*

*(continued...)*

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With the big boom in air travel has come a new attitude toward airlines. Most passengers aren't awed by the huge jets and ultra-modern terminals. They're getting more sophisticated about the whole idea of flying, and more perceptive when it comes to buying a ticket. They want to know what one airline has that another hasn't. They're taking a new interest in schedules, performance records, dependability, fares, equipment, personnel. In short, people all across the country are asking, "What's in it for me?"

To come up with the right answers, airlines are offering more new services and conveniences to the traveling public than ever before. These pages show you what fast-growing Trans World Airlines is doing to stay ahead in the competition for passengers.

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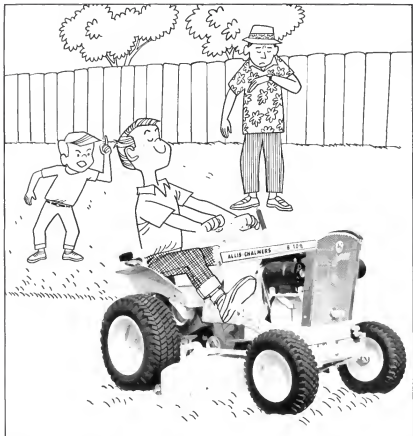
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## FIELD TRIAL AND TRAPSHOOT SCHEDULE

### Field trials through April 4

**MARCH 27** Missouri Open Championship, Missouri State Field Trial Association, Webdon Spring, Mo.; Pacific Coast Championship Association, Corvallis, Ore.; Willamette Amateur Field Trial Club, Corvallis, Ore.; Northern Virginia Field Trial Club, Fairfax, Va.

**MARCH 28** Jockey Hollow Field Trial Club, Lebanon, N.J.; Raisin Valley Field Trial Club, Sharonville State Game Area, Mich.; Weimar Club of America, Michigan Region, Highland, Mich.; Bird Dog Club (Mass.), Falmouth, Mass.

**APRIL 2** English Setter Club of America, Medford, N.J.

**APRIL 3** Vengeance Grouse Trial Club, Marienville, Pa.; National Chukar Championship Association, Prosser, Wash.

**APRIL 4** South-west Pointing Dog Club, Joliet, Ill.; Husker Bird Dog Club, Raymond, Neb.; Santa Caligen Irish Setter Club, Lees Summit, Mo.; Butler County Bird Dog Club, Somerville, Ohio; Greater Detroit Bird Dog Association, Sharonville State Game Area, Mich.; Ark Valley Bird Dog Club, Furka, Kans.; Southern Wisconsin Pointing Dog Club, Portage, Wis.; North Missouri Sportsman's Association, Washingtonville, Pa.; Needham Sportsman's Club, Westboro, Mass.

### Trapshoots through May 10

**APRIL 4** Kingsburg Gun Club, Western Mid-Winter Chautau, Kingsburg, Calif. (also April 5)

**APRIL 5** Maywood Sportsman's Club, Maywood, Ill.; Walla Walla Gun Club, Walla Walla, Wash.

**APRIL 11** Sacramento Trap Club, Western Mid-Winter Chautau, Sacramento, Calif.; Tulare County Trap Club, Western Mid-Winter Chautau, Visalia, Calif. (both through April 12)

**APRIL 14** Golden Valley Gun Club, State Shoot and Western Mid-Winter Chautau, Palmdale, Calif. (through April 19)

**APRIL 16** Halldale Gun Club, Palatine, Ill.; Peotone Gun Club, Peotone, Ill.

**APRIL 20** Blue Park Gun Club, Markham, Ill.; Cadzby Gun Club, Cadzby, Wis.; McHenry Sportsmen's Club, McHenry, Ill.; Livermore Gun Club, Livermore, Calif. **MAY 2** Swamp Rats, Newman, Calif. (also May 3)

**MAY 3** Hancock County Gun Club, Carthage, Ill.; North Jersey Gun Club, Caldwell Township, N.J.

**MAY 10** Frankfort Gun Club, Frankfort, Ill.; McHenry Sportsmen's Club, McHenry, Ill.

**MAY 14** Spartanburg Gun Club, State Shoot, Spartanburg, S.C.

**MAY 15** Spokane Gun Club, Spokane, Wash. (through May 17)



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## POINT OF FACT

An AAU indoor swimming quiz to stimulate the memory and add to the knowledge of armchair experts

**? When and where was the first national AAU indoor swimming championship held?**

• The first meet, incorporating nine swimming events, two diving events and water polo, took place in 1926 at the Chicago Athletic Association's 20-yard pool (championships in individual events had been held at scattered locations since 1901).

**? Who won the most events in the 1926 meet?**

• Walter Laufer of the Cincinnati Central YMCA took the 100-yard freestyle, the 150-yard backstroke and the 300-yard individual medley. Arne Borg, representing the Illinois Athletic Club, won two events—the 220- and 500-yard freestyles—and Al White of Stanford won both the high- and low-board diving events.

**? There were 14 swimming events (plus two diving events and no water polo) in last year's AAU indoor championships in New Haven, Conn. How many AAU records were set?**

• New AAU records were set in all 14 events.

**? Who has won the most individual AAU swimming championships?**

• Johnny Weastuller, the movies' Otisette Tarran, took 20 titles while swimming for the Illinois Athletic Club. Three were in the 50-yard freestyle, six in the 100, five in the 220, five in the 500 and one in the 150-yard backstroke. C. M. Daniels of the New York Athletic Club ranks second with 16 titles—three of them in the 50-yard freestyle, four in the 100, four in the 220, one in the 440, three in the 500 and one in the 880.

**? What swimmer took the most championships in one event?**

• Michael McDermon, swimming for the Chicago Central YMCA, the Chicago AA and the Illinois AC, won the 200-yard breaststroke nine times in a row between 1910 and 1918. Although his victories were not consecutive, Adolph Kiefer won the 150-yard backstroke nine times under five different affiliations.

**? Who has won the most diving titles?**

• Al White of Stanford (1922-26) and Al Patrick of Ohio State (1927-40) both took eight high- and low-board championships. The runners-up are Richard Degener of Michigan (1932-36) and Miller Anderson of Ohio State (1942-48), each with seven victories.

—HAI PETERSON



# SCORECARD

## BOXING'S SILLIEST HOUR

The World Boxing Association, as it calls itself, though it is in fact nothing more than the old National Boxing Association in a sillier hat, seems about to proclaim that Cassius Clay is no longer heavyweight champion of the world. It also seems to be about to depose Sonny Liston as a challenger. The reasons, stated with studied vagueness by the WBA president, Ed Lassman of Miami Beach, are that Clay has "set a poor example for the youth of the world" and that Liston—well, no adequate reason is given for the denigration of Liston but it seems to have to do with his troubles with a Denver traffic cop. Lassman also is mentally disturbed about a prefight contract by which, for \$50,000, Clay is said to have given Liston the right to promote Clay's next fight. Lassman conceded to *The Miami Herald* that he did not know whether such a contract did in fact exist but was going ahead with a poll of his membership on the assumption that it does.

Despite denials, it is quite obvious that Clay is being persecuted for his membership in the Black Muslim movement. One need not admire the Black Muslims to concede that Clay, as a free American, has the right to belong to the movement, even though, in its assumptions of exclusive truth and arbitrary power, it somewhat resembles the World Boxing Association.

No WBA ukase can persuade the world that Cassius X. Clay, or Muhammad Ali, or whatever his name is, is not heavyweight champion. He won that title in the ring and he will lose it there or resign voluntarily.

## THE GRAY EAR

The only "temporary wartime" luxury that have not been reduced substantially are those on club dues, including golf club dues, and horse and dog track admissions. On the other hand, expensive lobbying has paid off for such as nightclub owners and jewelers. Now the clubs, especially golf clubs, are planning to do some lobbying of their own.

Several of them have so far banded together in the National Club Association, which aims to cut club taxes. At Boston's Harvard Club last week Frank A. Hathaway, general manager of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and secretary-treasurer (unpaid) of the NCA, told of his unfortunate experience as a lobbyist for tax reduction.

"I went to see one Congressman," he said, "and he spent the entire time peeling an apple with his back to me. I don't think I was getting our message through to him."

## MARKET REPORT

Back in 1935, when the long-range investor's world seemed not too bright, one could purchase a share of stock in the Santa Anita racetrack for \$5,000. After splits, that share today has a net value of \$280,000.

Now, then. On last January 6, Los Angeles Turf Club stock had a bid price of \$540. The same stock, 66 days later, was \$840 bid, \$880 asked.

## SAD SALVAGE

On one of the richest strands of beach in the Northwest, from Meclips, Wash. south to Copalis Rocks, the kill of marine animals seems to be complete. It may yet extend farther south. Seabirds, tube worms, moon snails, Dungeness crabs, mussels, barnacles and all such creatures apparently are gone. No one knows how long it will take for the razor clam, staple diet of the Quanault Indians, to come back. Recreational clam digging in the area has attracted one million trips a year and provided an annual sports crop of 14 million clams, not to mention 125,000 pounds collected by the commercial fishery. Both commercial and recreational clamming have been closed indefinitely.

The disaster began when an oil and gasoline barge grounded off the beach near Meclips. The U.S. Coast Guard, the State Department of Fisheries and other agencies recommended that a heavy-duty seagoing tug be used to pull the barge off the shoal, but the single adequate

salvage vessel in the Northwest, *Salvage Chief*, was 30 hours down the coast on another job. Heavy seas frustrated attempts to get other tugs to the site, and, finally, on the high tide of St. Patrick's Day, the small tug *Sea Witch* tried what it could. As the lesser of two evils, half a million gallons of oil and petroleum were dumped into the sea to lighten the barge, which otherwise might have broken up on the rocks and spewed its entire cargo of 2,300,000 gallons.

Now storms and high tides have swept away every gross indication that the disaster happened. The beach appears clean again. There is even some hope that juvenile clams may have survived to reestablish a crop in future years. Determination of culpability, if any, and the extent of damages are to be assessed in the courts.

## LONG SHOT WINS STORTFORDIAN

The great Stortfordian flea classic for black 3-year-olds had its fifth annual running at Hunsdon in Hertfordshire the other day and was so successful and attracted so much international attention that its sponsors now are dreaming of a



flea's equivalent to horse racing's Laurel International.

Though many more applied, arriving in small boxes mailed from all over Britain, only 30 fleas qualified for the race, which was run over two lanes of a 20-foot stretch of white ceiling tile. (The white made the black fleas more visible.) A can of DDT stood ready, in case it should be necessary to destroy a flea with a broken leg, or in case any of the contestants escaped into the crowd. Last

continued

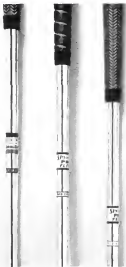
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**SPALDING**



## the tiger and the cat

One day a tiger and a cat chanced to meet at a service station deep in the heart of the jungle. "Hey," said the cat, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before? I've got it. You look just like me!"

"In a way," said the tiger.

"I've got a long tail, just like you do," said the cat. "And whiskers.

And four paws. And fur. And my eyes shine in the dark." "Yes," said the tiger, "but the overall effect is somewhat different."

"Well, anyway," said the cat, "I'm the next best thing to you."

And so the cat drove wildly away, telling the whole world that next to the tiger, he was best.

And that someday, he would grow up to be bigger and stronger than the tiger. And he always finished by saying, "And you should like me, because I'm trying so hard to catch up."

A whole year passed in this way, and the tiger and the cat chanced to meet again. The cat jumped out of his car and rushed over to the tiger. "Look," he said, flexing all four legs and his tail.

"Look at how I've grown!"

"As a matter of fact," said the tiger not unkindly, "you have grown a little, but haven't you noticed? I've grown a lot!"

**MORAL: TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TIGER AND A CAT, TAKE A LOOK AT THE KITTY**



These figures obtained from rent-a-car annual reports. Hertz fiscal year ending December 31, Avis fiscal year ending August 31. Shaded area indicates percent change from previous year.

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by  
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President

Old Fitzgerald  
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky  
Established 1849



"I love a rooster," Josh Billings used to say, "for two things: the crow what's in him, and the spur what's on him to back up the crow."

For the past ten years these little columns have contained some fairly persistent crowing about the uniquely satisfying flavor of our old-fashioned sour-mash bourbon.

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And it is true that, starting with our secret family recipe to the far-distant day of final aging, our bourbon is made solely for our friend and others like him who want to taste their whiskey.

But there are those who don't! If you are one who seeks the "meek and mild," our OLD FITZGERALD may be a bit too vigorous for your taste.

Yet this you'll never know until you try. To you I recommend the open-mindedness of the old vaudevillian who, asked if he played the violin, invariably replied: "Don't know, I've never tried!"

It may well be that after your first bottle of OLD FITZGERALD the blandness of your present whiskey may be so pale on your palate that you will join an inner circle of Bourbon Elite who have made Old Fitz the final choice of their mature tastes.

If you will make this honest test, then write and tell me if my "crow" has been too loud, or—if you find it so, not loud enough,—I will return the favor by sending you our patented "Proof-Selector" jigger which measures out the desired amount of flavor from your bottle of OLD FITZGERALD.

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## SCORECARD continued

year the entire field so vanished, in the dismay of breeders. An odds board supplied information for wagering, and betting was brisk.

The race is sponsored by the Old Steerfordians Rugby Club and was supervised by Course Marshal David Garwood, whose uniform was a bright-blue corduroy jacket, gray corduroy trousers, pink striped shirt and Steerfordian tie. The event was conducted under the rules of The Royal Fila Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, whose Clause 3 forbids the racing of fleas less than 3 years old.

Spurred along by rolled-up newspapers, bicycle pumps and hooks slammed just behind their hindquarters, the fleas got off to a splendid start. One Steerfordian dangled a carrot in front of his flea because it had come from a donkey. The winner? A 10040-1 shot named, naturally, Cassius.

## NO NEWS IS BAD NEWS

Despite the recent announcement of J. Walter Kennedy, first-year boss of the National Basketball Association, that attendance around the league was up a tidy 8% over last season, there is no joy in Philadelphia, whose 76ers wound up the winter with attendance down 50% from a promising early-season start. It just might be that a news brownout by the *Inquirer* and the *Daily News*, both owned by Triangle Publications, had something to do with it.

The brownout began January 21 when, according to the magazine *Greater Philadelphia*, Jack Kiser, *Daily News* sports-writer, was in New York to write about a game between the 76ers and the Baltimore Bullets. A telephone call from Philadelphia advised him that his paper would use only two paragraphs. Since then, two paragraphs it has been, though the rival *Evening Bulletin* has given thorough coverage to 76er games. Then there was the night when an *Inquirer* reporter, depending on his newspaper's one-line advance notice of a game ("76ers vs. New York, 8:30p.m., Convention Hall") went to the Convention Hall to cover it, only to discover that the teams were playing at the Arena, a mile away.

The 76ers' owners say they are puzzled. They wrote to Walter Annenberg, president of Triangle, requesting an audience to find out what the team had done to offend him. The letter was hand-delivered. There was no reply. Nor will

any reporter on the Annenberg newspapers admit he knows what is behind the brownout.

There is no plan to sell the 76ers, the owners declare. But another year of being double-teamed by the *Inquirer* and *Daily News* may force them to surrender.

## BLESSED ARE THE MEEN

In victory Tex Schramm was predictably humble, a regular plain pipe rack of an old country boy who just, by golly, tried to do his best. He said things like, "We sure have been lucky," and "Don't count your chickens before they hatch." Artificially, he managed to look more like a Salvation Army tambourine player than manager of a National Football League club which in three months had acquired two of football's finest pass catchers without losing a single man from its starting team.

First there was the Buddy Dial deal. Now there is Tommy McDonald. The Dallas Cowboys have in these two the pleasant prospect of 100 pass receptions a season. Add Dallas veterans Frank Clarke and Pettis Norman to the mixture and the Cowboys may have the most dangerous mob of receivers in football.

For the rights to Dial and McDonald, the Cowboys sacrificed their first draft choice (Scott Appleton, who signed with Houston in the American Football League, to the embarrassment of the NFL's Pittsburgh). Kicker Sam Baker and Lynn Hoyer and John Meyers, reserve linemen. The latter three went to the Philadelphia Eagles, who could use a punter-place kicker and have defensive and offensive holes in their line.

"We're happy we were able to help ourselves and at the same time help them," Schramm said piously, perhaps in humble recollection of some sour trades of other years. To be sure, the Cowboys still have problems. One of the big ones is that it is going to be awfully hard for Tex Schramm to look like a village idiot the next time he goes trading.

## A J TO REMEMBER

The America's Cup competitors during the '30s were known as J boats. They ranged up to 136 feet in length, carried more than a ton of canvas and towered to the height of a 15-story building. Came World War II and all the American Js were scrapped, and income taxes and construction costs prevented the building of new Js. One British survivor, moored in the mud of the sleepy Hamble River, is *Endymion I*, the British challenger that all but won the cup in 1934.

continued



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**Dictaphone**

and, indeed, came nearer than any challenger in 112 years. After 16 years *Endearment* is being readied for her final sail, across the Atlantic to Newport, R.I., where, if the Newport Historical Society can raise sufficient funds, she will be preserved as a proud relic. Her current owner, R. S. Clement Lucas, keeps watch from a nearby *psal-ster* in another J boat which he has converted to pane-paneled urban living quarters. He will miss his elderly blue giant but wants her to have a more worthy resting place. Like *Endearment*, Lucas has had some success on the water. He won a silver medal for Britain in the 1920 Olympics for rowing.

#### DELAYED ACTION

The United States Trotting Association, often regarded as little more than a record-keeping section for the sport, has finally bared some teeth. It has punished seven harness racing drivers in what was described as "the most drastic action ever taken by the USTA."

Two drivers, Edward N. Morgan Jr. of Cassstown, Ohio, and Donald McKirgan of Mt. Gilead, Ohio, were suspended for five years on charges of collusion to win races at Scioto Downs during July and August. Five others were suspended for lesser periods or fined. In announcing the penalties, USTA President Walter Michael promised to tolerate no collusion or dishonest racing.

It would be rather peculiar if he did have such tolerance. What the USTA needs, in addition to good intent, is as strong a nationwide protective agency as flat racing has in the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau.

#### THE ALL-PURPOSE CAR

U.S. Patent No. 3,125,368 is for a combined car bumper and bottle opener that adjusts to all sizes of bottles and cans. Inventor Rafael Bonnelly believes automobile manufacturers can incorporate his design at little or no cost and without impairing the bumper's functions.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Rusty Staub, Houston infielder, on why he preferred the rustic camp at Coconia, Fla. to the old base in Apache Junction, Ariz.: "No rattlesnakes."
- Floyd Patterson, on Cassius Clay as a fighter rather than a preacher: "Clay is a very, very smart fighter. He fought Liston much better than I did." **END**

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**SPALDING**

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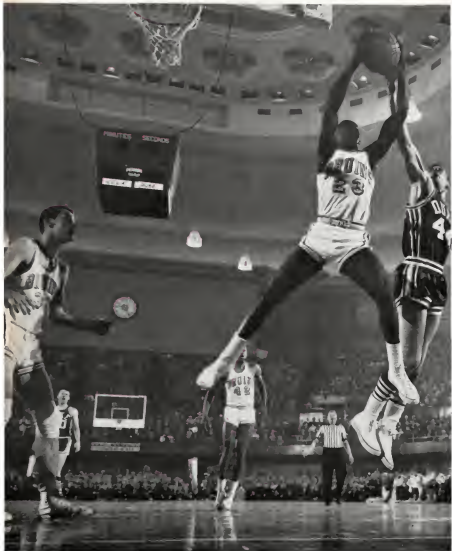
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**Sports Illustrated**  
MARCH 30, 1964

# THE TWO-MINUTE





# EXPLOSION

With quick bursts of scoring, UCLA startled Kansas State and Duke, stayed unbeaten and won the national basketball title by JOHN UNDERWOOD

There is a certain mystical something about the UCLA basketball team that defies calculation. The Bruins go for long spells at a time looking mortal and vulnerable and capable of inspiring sympathy. Then they put you under with such thorough execution that a witness has to look twice to be sure that innocent-looking truck was really the one. UCLA coaches call it "the two-minute explosion," this mystical something-or-other, and since it is not an eclipse of the moon, only of an opponent, they cannot predict when it will occur. Only that it will occur. Eventually. They hope.

Last week in Kansas City, a town unequipped for too much excitement, 10,000 people at the Municipal Auditorium were permitted the treat of watching UCLA's two-minute explosion explode on consecutive nights. In each case the explosion was extended a few seconds, but the time was put to good use and the practical result was exceedingly gratifying—for UCLA. The Bruins beat Kansas State, a good team, 90-84 and beat Duke, a better team, 98-83 and won the national championship.

Anybody unromantic enough to believe UCLA could not finish 30 games undefeated, with undersized, unimpressive-looking players and a coach, John Wooden, who does not smoke, drink or recruit very much, deserved to be kept awake by UCLA insurgents yelling, "We're No. 1," down Baltimore Street until morning—and to see "We Try Harder" buttons (the ones UCLA rooters obtained from a second-rated auto-rental agency) in any sleep he did get.

But about the two-minute explosions. In the semifinal on Friday night, after Duke had taken Michigan 91-80 in such a tour de force that not one of the 600 convening members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches dared be unimpressed, UCLA humped around with Kansas State and was behind 75-70 with seven minutes to play. There followed a flurry of hands ("Does UCLA have quick hands?" said one coach. "Are there Mexicans in El Paso?") and feet ("You run with UCLA and you die," said another). Two-minutes-plus later UCLA was ahead 81-75. Permanently ahead.

On the final night, in a match that promised to be a dandy but proved to be a dry throat for Duke, UCLA trailed 30-27 midway in the first half. In two minutes and 30 seconds the Bruins scored 16 straight points, the Blue Devils agonized, and when the score reached 43-30 there was no doubt in which direction *this* game was heading.

No one with half a superstition was willing to believe it was so simple, of course, and omen for omen UCLA people stuck up with anybody. What immediately precipitated the 11-point rush on Kansas State, for example, was the strategic arrival of four UCLA cheerleaders just at the moment

*continued*

On jumping Jeff Mullins for the ball, Kenny Washington exemplifies UCLA's success in controlling rebounds against taller Duke team



a Kansas State shot was heading for the basket. The cheerleaders' plane had been delayed by a snow storm. Hollywood smiles still intact but frozen on, they skipped into the arena. There was a mighty cheer. The Kansas State shot whirled uncertainly inside the basket and popped out.

Duke, No. 30 in UCLA's magnificent procession, had then to face this kind of lineup: John Wooden's daughter Nan's 30th birthday ("Oh, that's a sure thing," cooed Publicist Vic Kelley), Nell Wooden's lucky acorns, her husband's collection of lucky pairs and ties, and assistant Jerry Norman's 13-year-old lucky road suit. "Since we don't need it anymore," snuffed Jerry's wife, June, looking pained at her husband's style leg. "We are going to burn that suit." Jerry's father, Arthur Norman, said all the other accessories were really unnecessary, because it had come to him in a dream last December that UCLA was going to go undefeated and win the national championship.

No one else quite shared Mr. Norman's serenity, however, and on the morning of the Duke game, Wooden sat in front of his orange wedges, oatmeal and sweet roll at the Hotel Muehlebach and said he had slept barely three hours. "Nell fell asleep about 2," he said, "and I was on my own until about 4, thinking about Duke." Wooden is a man so straightforward as to make you blush, and he is devoted to the outlandish proposition that character really is more important than winning.

This has not been an easy team for Wooden to coach, but through skins thick and thin he has stuck with his five starters and is proud of the reward. "Lately," he said, "we have not been going well, but somehow we keep our poise and get out of the jams we get ourselves into. Now we have to do it one more time."

Duke had experienced immediate discomfort in Kansas City. The chartered plane carrying 90—the team, cheerleaders and guests—slid off the landing strip at the Kansas City airport and almost nosed over. The *Kansas City Star* kept referring to the Blue Devils as the "Tar Heels." The hotel neglected to obtain the 7-foot beds Coach Vic Bubas had ordered for his 6-foot-10 boys, Hack Tison and Jay Buckley (7-foot beds would not fit in most Kansas City hotel rooms, anyway). When the Devils went

to practice at the auditorium their dressing room was being painted.

Duke first had to get by Big Ten champion Michigan. The Blue Devils prepared for Michigan "like it was the Normandy invasion," said Assistant Coach Bucky Waters. Michigan had beaten Duke by 16 points at Ann Arbor in December, and Buckley was reminded how he had been outrebounced 18-2 by Bill Buntin. Buckley later was called the team's "weak link" by a Charlotte sportswriter and the Blue Devils had taken to calling him "Link." Properly incensed, he had become a tiger.

"We smashed them on the boards at Ann Arbor," said Michigan Coach Dave Strack. "We will have to remash them." Despite this amiable suggestion, Michigan was unable to smash Buckley and Tison again. Duke got good outside shooting from Buzzy Harrison and Denny Ferguson, made half as many errors and wound up with an equal number of rebounds. Captain Jeff Mullins was, as usual, the steady hand, and Tiger Buckley, curling around Buntin like he was a lamppost, scored 25 points. Michigan star Cazzie Russell was given point-killer for his damaged and swollen right ankle and he scored 31, but obviously

he was not the typically reckless Cazzie.

Meanwhile UCLA did as expected with the K-State zone, but under considerable duress. Walt Hazzard split it on drives and passes to the flanks, from where Keith Erickson hit for 28 points—only a point less than the number scored by State's superb Willie Murrell. "Any time one of our men can be a point away from Murrell we're all right," said Wooden. Not all right, ominously, had been the play of Center Fred Slaughter (Kansas is his home and he could not quite get used to being back before home folks). Jack Hirsch and Guard Gail Goodrich, Hazzard's shooting mate, were still missing. UCLA flubbed half a dozen layups trying to pierce the zone, and there was fraternal conjecture in downtown hotel lobbies that the Duke coach might try a zone, too.

Not a chance. "Now is not the time to be changing," said Vic Bubas in his hotel suite at the Continental. He sat relaxed on the sofa after three hours of trying to figure out what makes UCLA tick so fast—or rather, how to stop UCLA from ticking so fast. Daughter Sandy came in with a poster: "Run the Bruins." The 1 ran into the 11, so that it looked like "Run the Bruins." "You'd

His glasses askew in a huddle, Coach Wooden saw clearly enough to map strategy.



better dot that i. honey," said Bubus.

He turned to Bucky Waters. "I think we can beat their press," he said. "And I'm not so sure we can't run with them." Waters said that Mullins had figured that out for himself and had gone down to the deserted auditorium that morning and taken practice shots for 25 minutes.

The match was so attractive—big, resourceful Duke of the East against not-so-big, resourceful and unbeaten UCLA of the West, smackdab in the middle of the country—that scalpers asked for and received three times the face value of tickets by game time. But the record crowd of 10,864 did not include the 50 tickets one man said were stolen from him. An NCAA official immediately wanted to know how the man could buy 50 tickets when UCLA and Duke were allotted only 250 apiece. Abashed, the man admitted they had not been stolen at all, that he never had them, and that he was just too embarrassed to tell his 50 friends that he had struck out.

The championship game started briskly and for a time it appeared Duke indeed could beat the UCLA press. Quickly downcourt on the break, Buzzy Harrison flipped to Buckley, who curled in a field goal around Erickson, much as he had done with Buntin. Duke was out, 2-0. A full-length pass over the press got another for Duke, and before too long Wooden replaced Slaughter with a sophomore, Doug McIntosh. Soon after, another sophomore, Kenny Washington, appeared in the normally put UCLA lineup. Both boys had done well against K-State, and now, subtly, they were making their presence known to Duke.

What makes Wooden's Bruins super—it is a word now safe to use in their behalf—is not superstition, despite all those dreams and acorns. What makes UCLA super is the deadly art of self-defense Wooden teaches, and you cannot imagine how offensive defense can be until you have seen UCLA's busters going up on the backboard or on some taller team, like Kansas State. And like Duke,

UCLA presses and UCLA converts—a stolen pass into a basket, a rebound, clearance and fast break into a basket, etc.—and the size disadvantage UCLA always faces is, always, negligible. "How do you look at Duke?" Johnny Wooden was asked. "Up," he said. But despite Buckley and Trison and their five-inch advantage over any single UCLA player, the height difference was a paper differ-

ence. UCLA attacks not singly but in swarms, like mosquitoes.

On offense, Wooden kept his post man high, drawing Buckley out and clearing the middle for the drives of Walt Hazzard (we rover) and Gail Goodrich. Goodrich, the lithe left-hander, got 27 points, his first up-to-par game (he is UCLA's leading scorer) since the tournament began three weeks ago.

On defense, UCLA negated Duke's superior height by making it miserable for Trison in the high post. Pressed by Keith Erickson, Hirsch and the amazing sophomores Washington and McIntosh—especially the sophomores—the combination of Trison to Buckley could not get going. Even Mullins, though scoring 22 points, did not pass well and seemed powerless to assist. Buckley scored 18 points but got only nine rebounds, and Trison got only one, compared with McIntosh's 11 and Washington's 12.

Most amazing was Kenny Washington, the Negro boy who traveled 2,440 miles in the back seat of a Greyhound bus from Beaufort, S.C., just to get a chance to play for John Wooden. Washington, who is so shy that Wooden frequently chucks his chin to keep his head up, couldn't put the ball in the Pacific

Ocean his freshman year. "I shot funny kind of from behind my head," he says. "Coach Wooden changed that." But Kenny is an astounding leaper and he possesses the fast hands Wooden requires. So he practiced 10 hours a day last summer. He also decided, after two trips home in the back of the Greyhound, that his favorite spot on the UCLA bus would be right up in front.

The most accurate man in the game, Washington hit 11 of 16 against Duke and scored 26 points. Typically, little UCLA outrebounded big Duke 43-35, and as Duke came undone during the two-minute explosion, the mistakes began to pile up. In the end, the Blue Devils committed 29 errors, a season's supply, and more often than not had the wrong man with the ball in the wrong places. That is the kind of team UCLA is.

In the dressing room, privately, Coach of the Year Wooden told his Bruins, "I am immensely proud of you. You're really the best. You've proved it. Now, don't let it change you. You are champions and you must act like champions. You met some people going up to the top. You will meet the same people going down." And that is the kind of man John Wooden is.

END

Perry UCLA cheerleader with lucky partner, arrived in nick of time for Kansas State game.



# IT WAS SNAKEBITE DAY AT SEBRING

Carroll Shelby's Ford Cobras could not catch the prototype Ferraris, but in their own Grand Touring class they put fangs deep into rival Ferrari GTs and helped refurbish Sebring's fading glamour by HUGH WHALL

**B**efore the radical events of last week, Sebring had seemed to be losing its old zip. This most glamorous of American sports car races still attracted tanned and glittering specimens of jet society, Connecticut bankers and Chicago industrialists and Texas oilmen still made the spring pilgrimage to see the world's fanciest sports racers through 12 exhausting hours of competition. But the glamour was fading, the rosy mist enveloping Sebring's flat and ugly race-course fast disappearing. What had been a lively wrangle among big Jaguars, Maseratis, Aston Martins and Ferraris was now a monotonous yearly blitz by

the crimson Italian Ferraris. The drivers had changed. Porfirio Rubirosa, once to be seen here in Ferraris, had sought other playgrounds. Death or retirement had removed such exuberant spirits as the Marquis de Portago and Mike Hawthorn, Stirling Moss and Carroll Shelby.

Missing, most of all, was any sort of real American challenge. Oh, Chevrolet's Corvettes made a few abortive runs, and last year the new Ford-engined Cobras had a moment of glory before breaking down. But Sebring was still a case of Americans paying homage to the cars of other countries.

Last week, however, Sebring hummed

with a new excitement. A crippled-up Texan—the same lean and salty Carroll Shelby who used to star as a driver in Ferraris and Aston Martins—hopped out of a wheelchair and onto crutches and throughout that long day's journey into the Florida night watched with glee as his Cobras blew their rival Ferraris just about all the way back to Maranello.

Let it be said at once that Cobras did not capture the overall prize. That went to a Ferrari driven by a tall, cool Englishman named Mike Parkes and a battle-scarred old Italian, Umberto Maglioli, who had all but vanished from the

*Striking along Sebring straight, the top Cobra, a fastback coupe driven by Bob Holbert and Dave MacDonald, flashes to Grand Touring*



news after taking the last Pan-American dash in Mexico nearly 30 years ago. All honor to Parkes and Maglioli for covering a record number of laps in the 12 hours (214), to the drivers of two other factory Ferraris for placing second and third; and to Enzo Ferrari himself for producing the best sports racers of his long career.

But it must also be said that Ferrari had virtually no competition for these so-called prototype racers, which are theoretically the forerunners of passenger cars and of which no more than one need be built to qualify for international racing. Eight such Ferraris raced, and the overall win had been conceded to them in advance.

But there were other large prizes to be won at Sebring, and in the race for the one that matters most—the world championship for the biggest, fastest Grand Touring machines (of which 100 must be built)—Ferraris were drubbed by Cobras. A fastback coupe model driven by the cigar-smoking Pennsyl-

vania veteran, Bob Holbert, and a young California charger, Dave MacDonald, came snarling in behind the prototype Ferraris in fourth place. Cobras road-racers were fifth and sixth, and if still another Cobra, shared by Dan Gurney and Bob Johnson, had not cracked up with an hour to go, it would have been third, smack in among the top Ferraris.

This means that Cobras now lead Ferraris after two GT championship races—the first was won by Ferrari at Daytona—and if the California-based cars keep flying at subsequent point races, like the one at Le Mans, they will have stripped from Ferrari a cherished title. Until Saturday, GT Ferraris were as unbeatable in endurance races as their sister prototypes. No fewer than five were entered at Sebring, and the highest finisher was seventh.

As 66 cars lined up for the 10 a.m. start under a punishing sun last Saturday, nobody really expected the Cobras to do so well. Nobody but Shelby, that is. "I don't give a damn about the pro-

totypes," he said. "I'm going to beat the GTs." The general feeling, however, was that the Cobras would not survive 12 hours on a course that tortures brakes and gearboxes as no other in the world.

Fans of the smaller stuff ogled sleek new Porsche 904 coupes, Volvos, Sprites, Triumphs and MGs and such, and there were those who looked for American exploits not from the Cobras but from assorted Chevrolets. It is mystifying how much busy Chevy racing machinery trickles out of Detroit, considering General Motors' no-racing policy. There at Sebring were three superlight Corvette Grand Sport racers, weighing hundreds of pounds less and punching out maybe 100 more horsepower than normal Corvette racers. There also was a Chevy-engined Lola, which Driver Augie Pabst seriously talked up as an equal to the Ferrari prototypes. Except for a rowing first-lap dash to lead the pack by Roger Penske in a Grand Sport, however, the Chevys showed nothing in the race.

People in the Ferrari pits were relaxed

*continued*

*victory. Reeling away knee in wheelchair, Cobra builder Carroll Shelby grins beneath floppy cowboy hat to show his delight in cars' performances.*





Eyes intent on the road, Italy's Umberto Maglioli races winning Ferrari, which he shared with Ferrari Engineer Mike Parkes of Britain.

and complacent. None was more confident than John Surtees, the balding, dadly-serious little Briton who once won a flock of world motorcycle racing championships. "We've had a spot of handling trouble and some engine difficulty," he said unworriedly. He had no reason to be alarmed. Despite these deficiencies he had, in a new four-liter prototype, slashed more than seven seconds from the previous racing-lap record of three minutes 11.4 seconds and was heavily favored to repeat his 1963 Sebring victory.

Obviously, the wisest spectators were those who had invested \$100 to be in shaded boxes above the pits and have access to food and drink in a neighboring tent. They could at least experience the Ferrari runway in comfort. Out on the course—5.2 miles of airport runway and connecting roads—the temperature was climbing to 100°.

Then the flag fell, and lead-off drivers dashed across the track to their cars for that merry traffic jam called a Le Mans start. Racing in close quarters, they swung through three fast bends marked out by yellow pylons on the runway concrete, and then swooped onto the road section, negotiating the kink called the Esses, a hairpin bend and the hard right- and left-hand corners of Webster Turn before moving back onto concrete, past the derelict World War II flying boxcars that have come to symbolize the

Sebring course, and down two long straights to the pits again.

Four Ferrari prototypes soon outdistanced the field, and that was to be expected. Four Cobras soon popped up among the 10 leaders, and that, too, was not surprising. They had been faster than the Ferrari GTs in qualifying heats, but they would surely not have the stamina to hang in there.

But a funny thing was happening as the hours passed. The Cobras were not breaking. They kept thundering along, their concrete-shaking detonations contrasting with the Ferraris' high-pitched wail.

Indeed, the Ferraris were proving that not even a Ferrari is perfect. Pedro Rodriguez' prototype was jumpy from the first and after ½ hours was out. Graham Hill's, which occasionally seized the lead from Surtees', finally developed internal trouble of a permanent nature and failed near the end. The Surtees car, co-driven by Italy's Lorenzo Bandini, was robbed of certain victory by some exasperating little defect in the electrical system that winked the taillights off and took too much time to repair.

Of the leading factory-backed Cobras, none failed mechanically—thus making American history—and it took an old-fashioned wreck to bring down the Gurney car. With but an hour to go and co-driver Bob Johnson at the wheel, it came up fast behind a limping Alfa Romeo in

front of the pits. The Cobra smacked into the Alfa and spun into a pit, knocking down a mechanic. The Alfa caught fire, necessitating some quick rescue action to bail out the driver. The accident gave Johnson no more than a hanged-up eye, the mechanic a fright—and Ferrari third place, the position the sensational Gurney Cobra seemed sure to take.

Parkes, taking the last shift in the winning car, which had been moving easily with the top flight all day, cruised in for the checkered flag a lap ahead of Nano Vaccarella and Lodovico Scarfiotto's prototype, with the Surtees car third.

"The only trouble we had," said Parkes offhandedly, as though he were talking about a button that had popped off his neat blue blazer, "was when the spare wheel fell out of the car and we had to pick it up."

Shelby was somewhat more demonstrative. Swinging along on crutches and grinning as if his kneecap—shattered in an old racing accident—didn't hurt at all, he crowed, "Ferrari's racing days are over."

Well, not over, perhaps, but at last the old man has some competition and Sebring has regained a lot of the old pizzazz.

END

*Awaiting the start, Ferrari Driver Jean Guichet, French racing champion, receives a "bonne chance" from Paris Model Vivienne Baste*



**O**n a cold, clear night immediately after the New Hampshire primary election Governor John King stood in the enclosure of the Rockingham Park racetrack at Salem and became the first legal purchaser of a state lottery ticket in the U.S. since 1892. The second ticket was sold to another New Hampshire dignitary, Laurence Pickett, a seasoned lawmaker from Keene, whose long years of trying to persuade the legislature to pass the lottery bill had at last culminated in this moment of triumph. Then the ticket-dispensing machines were thrown open to the public. In the first seven days of operation, before the machines had been installed in liquor stores in New Hampshire—the only places, except for the three tracks in the state, where tickets can be sold—20,000 tickets were bought by citizens seeking a share in several million dollars in prizes to be distributed next September.

The actual operation of buying a ticket was a little anticlimactic. Governor King paid \$3. The transaction was recorded on a device slightly larger than an electric typewriter, equipped with a telephonelike dial. The Governor's name and address were written on a small slip of paper, called "an acknowledgment of purchase." Then a lever was pulled, and the acknowledgment emerged from the machine, while the actual ticket—No. 000001—bearing the Governor's name and address, remained inside.

A portly, dignified individual, Representative Pickett announced that he was making out his ticket to the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, for the benefit of the Elks' Foundation. Governor King said that his winnings, if any, would also be given to charity. But the thousands who followed them were motivated by no such lofty impulses. They wanted the money.

While most of the U.S. was following Ambassador Lodge's stunning write-in victory in the New Hampshire presidential preference primary, in that state there was no less interest in the outcome of a special referendum approving or disapproving the sweepstakes. The circumstances were a little unusual, for the sweepstakes were actually already a part of the state government. A commission, headed by a good-natured ex-FBI man, Edward Powers, was busily operat-

## GAMBLING FOR THE YANKEE DOLLAR

National interest in the New Hampshire primary was focused on Henry Cabot Lodge, but in the Granite State the great question concerned the state's new lottery law **by ROBERT CANTWELL**



AN EX-FBI MAN, DIRECTOR POWERS VIEWS ILLEGAL MAIL ORDERS FOR TICKETS



ing in a cheerful, well-lighted, four-room office on the third floor of the new State House Annex in Concord and making careful plans for the future. The voters were called upon only to decide if they wanted the lottery in their respective towns. The commission intended to determine the winners of the lottery by means of a new Thoroughbred race, the New Hampshire Sweepstakes (3-year-olds, a mile and three-sixteenths), to be run for the first time at Rockingham Park on the afternoon of September 12, for a purse of about \$150,000, of which the Sweepstakes Commission would put up \$100,000.

But while thus established in plans—and partly on paper—the commission was frustrated because no tickets could be sold until after the primary. Among many other clauses, the bill that Packard had drafted provided for a special ballot to be included in the primary: "Shall sweepstakes tickets be sold in this city or town?" There was no question but that enough towns would authorize their sale to permit operations to start. The question was one of popular support. The commission would need enthusiasm to succeed, and a close vote might be ruinous. Nothing was ruined.

The commission's plan of operation is to sell tickets, all at \$3, until August 29, when the sale will be ended. In order to allow time for drawings before the race. The names of the horses will be placed in a small, rotating drum. The sweepstakes tickets will be placed in big, electrically driven drums, 333,333 tickets in each drum, or \$1 million worth of tickets in each. A ticket bearing the name of a horse will be drawn from the small drum. A sweepstakes ticket bearing the name and address of a purchaser of a ticket will be drawn from a big drum, and this ticket will be assigned to the name of the horse that has been drawn. Then another ticket bearing the name and address of a purchaser will be drawn from the second drum and assigned to the same horse. The process will be repeated, with each horse being assigned a purchaser's name for every million dollars' worth of tickets. If two million tickets have been sold, or \$6 million worth, there will be six big drums and six tickets on each horse. If three million tickets are sold, or \$9 million, there will be nine tickets for each horse.

The commission expects 250 to 300 horses to be nominated in the first days, but since fees rise steeply as the race approaches, probably there will be no more than 15 entries.

The prizes are big. Each person holding a ticket on the winning horse will get \$100,000. Second place will be worth \$50,000, third \$25,000. Thus, if the lottery takes in \$9 million, nine persons can win \$100,000, nine more \$50,000 and nine \$25,000. There will be another 100 winners (approximately), representing the holders of tickets on other horses in the race, and these will collect a little over \$9,000 apiece. Another 2,565 ticket holders, those who drew horses that were nominated for the race but did not run in it, will each collect a little over \$500.

The commission bought 200 ticket-dispensing machines (for \$200 each) and contracted with the Merchants National Bank of Manchester to prepare and stow away two million tickets, pending the outcome of the primary. It might not appear difficult for 200 strategically placed dispensing machines to sell three million \$3 lottery tickets in five months, which is the figure the commission most often mentioned. The sale of Irish Sweepstakes tickets in New York is estimated to reach \$12 million a year without the aid of mechanical devices. And on a single day the bettors at Santa Anita or Aqueduct may put \$5 million into the mutual machines. But there is a remarkable clause in the law. Section 284:21-h specifies that tickets can be sold only within the enclosure of a racetrack "where there is held a race or race meet . . . or in state liquor stores."

There are only two small harness tracks, in addition to the big track at Rockingham Park, which in itself is not large by the standards of Aqueduct or Laurel. And there are only 49 liquor stores, most of them located in remote country along the borders of Quebec, Vermont, Massachusetts and Maine, where potential liquor buyers come into the state to take advantage of the fact that New Hampshire has no sales tax and liquor prices are low.

The point, as the commission saw it immediately, was that if its machines worked every day, they would have to sell 700 tickets a week to sell three million tickets, take in \$9 million and clear around \$4 million in revenue. But the

machines would operate only when the liquor stores were open for business and during race meets, 145 days in all. It was an easy calculation that the machines would have to sell one ticket every five minutes or so in order to total three million. So, while the gloomy Goldwater supporters were stepping over television cables at their headquarters on Main Street in Concord and the Lodge supporters were demonstrating well-bred satisfaction in their headquarters at the Highway Motel, officials and common people concerned with the lottery were worrying about how many sales outlets the lottery would have.

There are 302 towns and wards that are voting units in New Hampshire. With but 49 liquor stores, it would appear that for most towns the question was academic. It was not, however—far from it. Even if a community refused to permit sweepstakes tickets to be sold in its liquor store, it would nevertheless share in the money derived from the lottery, since the money is to be used for education exclusively, and is to be paid out equally for all New Hampshire's 126,000 school-children.

The university town of Durham voted No to the sale of sweepstakes tickets there—511 to 440. So did Hollis (333 to 248) and Canterbury (104 to 85), but only half a dozen other towns came out against the sweepstakes, as opposed to nearly 300 in favor. When the votes were finally tabulated, the total was 114,987 in favor and only 31,327 opposed. Every town that had a liquor store voted Yes—to the commission's enormous relief.

The town of Salem, where Rockingham Park is located, endorsed the measure by a vote of 3,080 to 757, and the machines were hurried to the track for the opening of the harness race season. For the first time in 72 years a state lottery existed in the U.S.

The biggest and the most durable lottery in the past was the Louisiana Lottery, which started in 1869 and was put out of business by postal regulations during Grover Cleveland's administration. It was not state-run then, but owned by an obscure capitalist named John Morris of New York, who paid the State of Louisiana \$40,000 a year for his 25-year franchise. The Louisiana Lottery did a business of about \$30,000 a day; half of

*a national*

all the mail at the New Orleans post office was concerned with the lottery. Drawings were held on the second Tuesday of each month at the old St. Charles Theatre and were conducted with elaborate ceremony. General Juhel Early drawing the tickets from the little wheel and General Pierre Gustav Toutant Beaugard those from the big wheel. There were also daily drawings in 180 retail lottery shops which dabbled in insurance as a sideline. The stock of the company, which sold for \$35 a share in 1879, went for \$1,200 a decade later, earnings amounted to \$13 million a year and the lottery virtually controlled the state. When it was put out of business by Congress, with laws that remain on the books, the Louisiana Lottery continued to operate for several years from Honduras, but it dwindled steadily and finally closed up shop.

Ever since the sweepstakes bill passed, the offices of Governor King and the Sweepstakes Commission have been flooded with thousands of letters from people trying to buy tickets. The money is returned; no tickets can be purchased through the mail. The prize money will be paid to the individuals whose names are on the winning tickets. These tickets,

however, cannot be sent out of New Hampshire—that would be a violation of the postal laws—which is why the name and address remain in the ticket-dispensing machines. Nor can the winner's money be sent through the mails. He can come to Concord to collect, or his winnings can be telegraphed to him or sent by a bank credit.

The morning after his victory Director Powers sat in his office, surrounded by cartons of newly opened ticket machines, and recognized that he had suddenly been catapulted into a powerful position in U.S. racing. This year there will be only one race and one distribution of prizes. But next year there will be two—one a big race at the opening of the season in the spring, and the other the second running of the New Hampshire Sweepstakes in September. Because of the public attention that will be concentrated on the winner of the sweepstakes and the size of the purses, the commissioners believe that the fall race, coming after the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont, will attract the finest racehorses in the world.

When Director Powers was in charge of the Boston office of the FBI he was credited with having broken the Brinks robbery case, and Specs O'Keefe, the leader of the robbery, was asked what he thought of Powers. Gloomily, or perhaps enviously, Specs said, "Powers is the All-American boy." Since Powers appears to be 20 years younger than his 50 years, plays golf in the 70s, is married to a beautiful wife (a former Miss Cape Cod) and has three handsome children, a nice home, a friendly, casual manner, an acute intelligence and a background of professional experience that has not made him cynical or calculating, it appears that Specs is right.

Son of a Chicago detective, Powers was working as the 20-year-old manager of an A & P grocery when he won a scholarship to Lawrence College in Wisconsin. He graduated *sua laude* a member of Phi Beta Kappa and the basketball team, and he was breezing along to a fine career with an insurance company in Detroit when a friend persuaded him to take the examination for the FBI. He passed and was a supervisor in the bureau headquarters in Washington while he took law courses, five nights a week, at Georgetown University. He was also married, his wife having come from Hyannis to work as a secretary in the bureau.

Powers says that much of his work was administrative, and in succession he was in charge of the offices at Albany, Miami, Boston, New York, Indianapolis, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis and Boston again.

With all this professional background, however, Powers is slightly self-conscious about his inexperience at racetracks. He likes to mention former agents of the FBI who are now active in racing, raising images in your mind of bank presidents who are embarrassed about their slowness in making change. He also admits, "I'm a 52 better." These days his work takes him often into the company of veterans like Lou Smith, the picturesque general manager of Rockingham Park, and the members of racing commissions who can remember the details of long-forgotten races in the way he remembers the trial of 11 Communist leaders for conspiracy, in which he was supervisor of the Government's case for the FBI. Powers makes a point of knowing nothing about horse racing. Oh, he acquired a little knowledge when he was in charge of the office at Miami, but that was in the course of his work. There was, for example, the melodramatic case of jockeys Ted Atkinson and Conn McCreary, whose lives were threatened to force them to throw races. They cooperated with the FBI to trap the culprits.

Powers says that the New Hampshire endorsement was a vote against the hypocrisy and the double-standard confusion in public attitudes toward gambling. In the lounge of the Elks Club, three blocks away from the Sweepstakes Commission office, Representative Pickett was a good deal more eloquent. "I am certain," he said, "that we are on the threshold of a new economy which will make our state even more inviting than it has been to retired people, to people who like our variety of climate"—and here he gestured beyond the empty chairs to the 14-inch snowfall which, coming down on Primary Day, somewhat reduced the total vote—"to industry, to agriculture and to other phases of our economic life."

Glowing with enthusiasm, his voice vibrating with old-fashioned elocutionary eloquence, he made you think of W. C. Fields. He was, in fact, a song-and-dance man in vaudeville and toured the country in a road company of No, No, Nanette before he became mayor of Keene. Now he reminisced about his

*Continued*



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WIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY WONDER ROTUNDA, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR LINCOLN MERCURY DIVISION



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original involvement in the sweepstakes bill. "There once came into the mayor's office at Keene, many years ago, an elderly lady," he said, "a dear friend of my late mother's—and whose funeral I have, alas, also attended—to ascertain what I could do to assist her in a crisis brought about by the action of the assessors in raising the taxes on her property by \$100 a year." It appeared that the lady lived on a meager income from insurance, and, while undergoing many hours of wonder and worry, could, nevertheless, just make ends meet, but not with the added taxes. In pondering her problem and many others like it, Pickett concluded that, while most increased governmental costs reflected normal increases in the price of material and labor, the costs of education were increasing far more rapidly, and in New Hampshire these are borne entirely by property owners. At first he conceived of the sweepstakes merely as an adjunct to pari-mutuel betting. There would be a \$5 sweepstakes window at the tracks. But after he introduced the bill a decade ago he was precipitated into so many conflicts and encountered so many disappointments that he became an expert on lotteries as well as on public opinion, and drafted the broad, ingenious and far-reaching measure that the legislature passed a year ago. After the successful vote, payers stopped to congratulate him. They did not talk about Lodge, Goldwater, Rockefeller, Nixon, Johnson or Kennedy. They talked about the future of the lottery.

Apart from the spell cast by Pickett's oratory, the question was asked often: What will the sweepstakes actually bring in? One of the most experienced racing figures in the state has startled the natives by guessing the total will be about \$10 million in revenue. Howell Shepard, the chairman of the New Hampshire Racing Commission, says with characteristic caution that he will be satisfied if the first

year's revenue actually amounts to \$2 million. Commissioner Powers does not want to be quoted, but uses the figure of \$4 million when giving examples of the distribution of the money. He may be far too conservative. When lotteries and sweepstakes are successful they have a way of expanding astronomically. The Calcutta Sweepstake Derby, for example, had a first prize of \$580,000 in 1927. In 1928 the first prize was won by a Bombay timber merchant named Ebrahim Dawood Kazi. He won \$3,115,000.

The New Hampshire enthusiasts do not expect prizes on that scale. But talk of a future sweepstakes of \$40 million or so does not disturb them—not since the election. The heart of the problem is the clause in Representative Pickett's bill that calls for a referendum every two years. It was thought of as a defensive measure, to satisfy opponents, in case the sweepstakes became unpopular. But now it looks like a means of expansion if the sweepstakes take hold.

So long as the sale of tickets is limited to New Hampshire's tracks and liquor stores, the referendum probably will prove inconsequential. New Hampshire can add liquor stores indefinitely. In fact, two new liquor stores have been authorized since the primary. One is at Salem, directly opposite the entrance to the track. More will be added in tourist centers this summer.

to make sweepstakes-ticket buying easy for New Hampshire's million summer visitors. But the vision that lies before the original supporters of the enterprise reaches far beyond New Hampshire. Instead of voting on the question as it is now—"Shall sweepstakes tickets be sold in this town?"—how would it be if voters decided whether they should be sold in other New Hampshire property, such as an exhibit at a World's Fair? All in all, for a business that has been dormant for 72 years, the sweepstakes came to life in New Hampshire with swift vitality. **END**



LEGISLATOR PICKETT AFTER VOTE

# TITLEIST



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YEAR AS  
OVERWHELMING  
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Tournament	Playing Titleist	Recent Competitor
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SAN DIEGO OPEN	100%	1
PALO ALTO OPEN	100%	1
LUCKY OPEN	100%	1
PALM SPRINGS OPEN	100%	1
EVANS OPEN	100%	1
TUCSON OPEN	100%	1
TOTAL	100%	1



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## **BUBBLES AT THE TOP— AND TWO THAT BURST**

**by TONY LEMA  
with GWILYM S. BROWN**

*In the second part of his inside account of the pro golf tour, Champagne Tony Lema tells of the zesty life among the elite. But he also shows that the margin of success is terrifyingly small and cites as examples the troubles of two former greets, Mike Souchak and Ken Venturi*



**A**s with any other business, you can play a long time on the professional golf tour and still not be a real member, an inside member, of the corporation. To reach that status you have to serve your years of apprenticeship, and, even harder and more necessary, you have to finish at or near the top of some tournaments. Thus 1958 was the year I went out on the tour, but it was not until 1963 that I began to truly see and savor life inside the golfing fraternity. It is a little like becoming a member of the board. You get a key to the executive washroom, and you get a new perspective. Now I was being asked by some of the best golfers if I would like to join them in a practice round, I was enjoying the company of the big names, I was getting to be a name myself and I was discovering and appreciating the tough, lonely and even desperate difficulties that can overtake the best tour golfers—up to then my own problems had pretty well occupied me.

Anyone can be a little bit of an insider if he knows what to look for at a golf tournament. Take the matter of practice rounds. A smart spectator can have a lot of fun watching them. The primary purpose of such rounds, to be sure, is to furnish a look at the golf course and keep the swing grooved, but there is a good deal more than that involved.

First of all, while the partners we play with in the tournament are assigned, in practice we play with whom we please, namely, our close friends. This, plus the fact that we are only practicing, makes for an atmosphere that is as relaxed as a Sunday picnic.

Secondly, despite the friendship, there is always a little money riding on every practice-round match. Doug Ford has said that he never likes to play any round of golf unless it is for at least \$10 or \$20. If he is not playing for something more vital than just learning about the golf course he finds himself getting careless and sloppy. This is a sloppiness that can easily carry over into the tournament itself. Some of the players are competing for only a few dollars. Others, like Al Besselfink, who is no longer on the tour, and Doug Sanders, who is still very much on the tour, will play for a few hundred.

Whatever the terms or the form of the contest, these competitions usually have one thing in common, something that may seem peculiar to many country club golfers—there is almost never any handicapping. You may sometimes see, therefore, a player who has won a few tournaments and ranks among the top five money winners playing against a nonentity who has never even won a pro-am and is lucky to be in the top 50 on the official money list. Not taking strokes from another player becomes a question of pride on the tour.

I do not think it is a particularly good idea to get too

wrapped up in a practice-round match by betting a lot of money on it. The most I have ever risked is a straight \$200 for 18 holes. One objection to overbetting is that a player should not have to give his all in a practice round. He should be learning something about the course and feel free to experiment with certain shots he may want to use when the tournament begins. There is one glaring exception to this policy. When Jerry Barber first came out on the tour in 1948, he deliberately set out to crash the cliques formed by some of the top players, but he had a smart reason for doing so and an excellent way of going about it. He managed to play practice rounds with the likes of Sam Snead, Ben Hogan and Lloyd Mangrum by offering to play for the fairly high stakes they liked. At first he was a consistent loser, but since it seemed such a profitable venture the players he lost to were perfectly willing to keep playing with him. By this process Barber learned some of the tricks of professional tournament golf from his masters. He figured his gambling losses were just another method of paying for an education. It was not long before this education was so solid that he was winning some of that tuition money back.

A final thing that often makes a practice round well worth a spectator's attention is the good-natured verbal needling that goes on. In a practice round nothing is sacred. We like to kid each other about the size of our bellies or our bankrolls, the loop at the top of a backswing or the apple that comes up in an opponent's throat when he needs to hole a tricky downhill putt to win a press bet. Despite the fact that substantial sums of money will sometimes ride on the result of a practice round, this is a time when the touring pro can have some fun playing golf, fun that ends when the grim business of the tournament begins.

Why is it grim business? A close look at the scoring averages on the golf tour tells you why. It reveals what a narrow margin separates the big winners like Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Julius Boros and Gary Player from the also-rans. In 1963 Palmer averaged 70.63 shots for every round he played. He played 79, and won seven tournaments and \$128,000. Fred Hawkins played in 10 more tournaments than Palmer but did not win a single one. He earned only \$25,000—which placed him 23rd on the money list—and yet his stroke-per-round average was 71.72, just one missed putt per 18 holes behind Arnold!

Does this mean that Fred Hawkins could become an Arnold Palmer if he could improve his score by an average of one stroke a round? Not exactly, but he could come awfully close. This narrow margin is an endless source of encouragement to the also-rans, who know that if they can improve just an iota they too can be big winners. *continued*

LEMA, WHO ENDORSES MGT, WAS PRESENTED A CEREMONIAL BOTTLE IN NEW ORLEANS ON HIS 30TH BIRTHDAY. IT WAS EMPTY

This narrow margin, conversely, is small comfort to the players on top. Take just a slight edge off a champion's game and he is suddenly back with the pack. That is why it is impossible to look at a group of 10 golfers and predict which one will come out the best in the long run.

If you examine the swings that many of the successful players use you might well decide that not one of them is any good. Palmer lunges at the ball and punches it. Nicklaus has the unorthodox habit of letting his right elbow fly far out from his body as he takes the club back. Jacky Cupit has such a loop at the top of his backswing that it makes him look as if he were waving a flag (I myself inop noticeably at the top). Billy Maxwell leaps at the ball like a pun-handler diving for a ten-spot. Julius Boros is all hands and wrists, like a man dusting furniture. Jerry Barber has his wrists completely cocked almost before he starts to swing. Doug Sanders braces himself with a wide stance that looks like a sailor leaning into a northeast gale, and then takes the club back barely far enough to get it off the ground. If you lined these players up on the practice tee without knowing who in the world they were and asked them to hit a few shots your advice would be simple: "Go back home and sell insurance. You haven't got it." Yet here they are, among the top men in the game.

No player, with the possible exception of Sam Snead, has the kind of swing that is going to guarantee success. It is the ability to make a swing repeat itself every time that counts. Also vitally important, of course, is the emotional approach to the game. It is undoubtedly a weakness in that department that will suddenly reduce a Ralph Guldahl, who won the U.S. Open in 1937 and 1938, from headliner to has-been. It partly explains why my game suddenly went to pot for two years, and it almost totally explains what happened to two of the players currently on the tour who at one time were almost universally believed to be the successors to Hagan and Snead. They both were on the verge of winning every major championship in sight, and of becoming the kind of stars that Palmer and Nicklaus turned out to be. It is ironic that not so long ago whenever fine golf swings were discussed the names of Mike Souchak and Ken Venturi were invariably mentioned. Their sudden declines are worth looking at in an attempt to explain why this kind of thing happens—and to show why we all have to worry so much about protecting that ever-so-small edge that keeps us in the money.

Mike Souchak is a burly, gregarious character who works pretty hard on his golf, but is like me in believing that life should be fun as well as productive. He was an all-conference end on the Duke football team in the late '40s. About 5 feet 11 and weighing more than 200 pounds, he has the thick, solid neck that identifies the contact-sport athlete. He probably would have made a better-than-average professional football player, but he became addicted to golf at Duke and turned professional when he graduated.

Souchak came on the tour in 1953, and by 1955 he was performing brilliantly. That was the year he won the Texas Open, setting or tying three PGA scoring records in the process. His first round of 60 tied the 18-hole mark. He also shot a 27 for the second nine holes that day, a PGA

record, and a four-day total of 257, also the current record. Just to show that this was no fluke, he won the Houston Open the very next week. The next year established him as a top star. He won four tournaments, including the very tough Colonial National Invitation in Fort Worth. When I saw him getting a haircut in Rochester during my first U.S. Open, I felt as if I were hobnobbing with immortality.

The greatest year Mike had was probably 1959. He was hitting the ball farther than anyone on the tour with the exception of George Bayer, and he was hitting it straight. It began to look as if he would tear every tournament to pieces. Arnold Palmer had already won his first Masters the year before, but in 1959 he did not look nearly as good as Mike Souchak. In April, Mike won the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas. In June he almost won the U.S. Open, but hogged the last hole when he needed a birdie. In July he won the Western Open, and when in August he won the Motor City Open he apparently felt he'd accomplished enough for one year. Soon after this he dropped off the tour.

Most of the players on the tour were a bit relieved, but very surprised, when Mike retired with so much of the season still unplayed. When a player gets a hot hand such as Mike had that summer it is usually considered smart to stay with it until fatigue begins to cool you off. That is the way you win money and tournament titles and store up confidence that you will need in the future.

It is idle speculation to wonder whether Mike, if he had kept going, would have gained the necessary confidence to start winning major championships like the Masters, the U.S. Open and the PGA. But it might have helped prevent the cruel setback that struck him at the Open in Denver the following year.

The U.S. Open of 1960 was played at the Cherry Hills Country Club, which is in a southern suburb of Denver. Mike started out like the Mike of 1959. He burned red-hot during the first two rounds, shooting scores of 68 and 67 to set a 36-hole Open record of 135. At that point he led the tournament by three strokes. He continued to play well on the morning of the final day and came to the last tee of the third round with a chance to hold a four-shot lead starting off after lunch. A four-shot lead with only 18 holes left to play is golden. It gives the leader a chance to play almost any way he wants to. It forces the players behind him to gamble in the hope that they can cut the margin. At the U.S. Open it is a dangerous thing to gamble.

There was Mike on the 18th tee that morning, with the Open as good as his. Then, just as he reached the top of his backswing, a camera, aimed by one of the spectators in the gallery behind him, clicked loudly in the silence. Startled by the noise, Mike pushed his shot far to the right and out of bounds. It cost him two strokes, and he carried a two-shot lead, instead of a four-shot lead, into the final round that afternoon. Souchak's game quickly began to sag. He shot a 75, while Arnold Palmer was shooting a 65 to win the tournament.

A couple of weeks later at another tournament Mike and I ate dinner together and I asked him, as one golfer who had blown tournaments to another: "What happened to you at Denver?"

"I guess it just wasn't meant to be my day," was what he

*continues*





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said, "All afternoon I kept thinking about that camera clicking, about the two strokes I had lost on account of it and about what those two strokes could mean. I never was able to concentrate on what I should have been doing."

After Denver, Souchak's career began to taper off, even though he won the Buick Open and finished the year as sixth leading money winner with \$29,000. He had a chance to win the Open again in 1961, but was weakened by a virus and shot a last-round 73 that left him fourth, three shots back of winner Gene Littler. Since then he has dropped far down the money-winning list. He was 28th in 1961, 29th in 1962 and 53rd in 1963. I've heard Mike say that he's been on the tour a long time now, that he's made a lot of sacrifices by leaving his wife and children at home while he disappears onto the tour for weeks at a time, and that he is fed up with making any more sacrifices. That is only partly it. Mike likes to step up to the bar and take a drink in convivial company, and he is not about to stay in his motel and watch television if he can have dinner in one of the town's best restaurants. But I also think that what Mike is going through now is something he can't really understand. It happens to a lot of the tour's good players. Mike established himself as a winner pretty quickly. He had tremendous natural talent and all the confidence in the world. Once he started to win he began to get a few outside things going for him, like exhibitions, a better contract with the equipment manufacturer he was tied in with, things that made the tour less of a struggle. He was in demand for every kind of appearance: business, publicity and just plain social. I'm sure it began to take his mind off his golf, and he began to ease off a little, at least in the sense that he could not stay fired up every week. I have known this feeling, even in the years when I was trying so hard to win my first title. A player may have won his share of tournaments, and then one week he is not playing too well—it's hard work just to get somewhere in the money—and he says, "What the hell. Chalk it up to a bad week. I'll be back on the stick next week." I'm not saying this is always a conscious decision. Very often it is unconscious. He knows it is happening to him, but there is nothing he can do, or even wants to do, about it.

The next step is often a prolonged slump. This is usually brought on because he has been playing carelessly and has fallen into some bad habits. Then little things like missed putts, bad bounces on the fairway and green or gallery noises begin to disturb him way out of proportion to their usual ability to annoy. I played with Souchak a few times last year and his putting, he would say, was not sharp. Well, it might not have been, but as soon as he missed a couple of makable putts on the early holes he began fighting what he thought to be an uphill struggle. This is a mental slump. When he was winning, nothing bothered him; now everything does. That's the way it is with us when things start going sour. When you are playing badly the pro tour is like solitary confinement on Devil's Island. But Mike, I think, will come back strong.

An even more startling example of a golfer reaching the edge of greatness and then suddenly dropping back into obscurity is supplied by high-strung Ken Venturi. The sudden collapse of Ken's career is one of the tragedies of the pro tour, and his efforts to regain the form that suddenly

deserted him in 1961 have added up to a memorable display of courage.

For several years before he turned pro in 1956 Venturi was the top amateur on the West Coast and one of the best in the country. He was the big name around San Francisco when I was first breaking into the game. He started out as a public-course player who hit the ball with a big publicist-type hook. He played in the National Public Links Championship a couple of times and won the California Amateur twice. Then he came under the eye of Eddie Lowery, a Lincoln-Mercury dealer from San Francisco who has helped me and other players from time to time. Lowery sent Venturi to former U.S. Open and Masters Champion Byron Nelson for a series of lessons. Nelson taught Ken to hit the ball straight and to swing with the perfect balance of a gymnast. In fact, when Ken was playing well a few years ago, his balance, from the start to the finish of his swing, was something special. One can admire Hagan's swing for its efficiency and Snead's swing for its natural beauty and perfection, but Venturi's swing seemed like an ideal blend of the two. Ken stood up to the ball as if he, the club, the ball and the golf course were all part of a beautiful piece of sculpture.

Ken made the Walker Cup team in 1953 and the following spring played in his first Masters. He was only a 22-year-old amateur at the time, but he tied for 16th place. From then on Ken was in love with the Masters. He dreamed about playing in it, he dreamed about winning it.

In 1956, after a year with the Army in Germany, Ken came back to Augusta again. The Masters is an exclusive, invitational tournament. A player has to earn his way into it or be voted in by past Masters, Open or Amateur champions. Ken got in by a vote of former Masters champions. I understand there was quite a bit of lobbying by Nelson and Lowery to see that he got the votes. It did not take long for Ken to prove that he deserved them. For three days he stood the tournament on its ear. Going into the final day he had produced rounds of 66, 69 and 75 and led the field by four shots. Then came the first of two disasters.

The final day was very windy. This meant that the ball was hard to control in the air, of course, but the wind had also dried out the greens so thoroughly that they became slick as a dance floor. Up until that time it had not been surprising for tradition-minded Masters officials to pair Byron Nelson on the last day with the 54-hole leader. Ken was leading the tournament at that point and no doubt looked forward to the prospect of playing this crucial round of golf with his friend and adviser. His presence would certainly have had a soothing effect on Ken, who is emotional under any circumstances, let alone when he is leading one of the world's most important golf tournaments. In this case the two gentlemen who run the Masters Tournament with such efficiency—Cliff Roberts, the New York investment banker, and Bobby Jones—felt that it would not be proper to have the tournament leader playing with what amounted to his tutor. So instead of pairing Venturi with Nelson, they sent Ken out with Sam Snead. I've played with Sam quite a few times during my years on the tour, and I have always enjoyed observing his skill at such close quarters. But during a round

*continued*



## THE SULTRY SATURDAY THAT UNNERVED SOUCHAK

A turning point in Mike Souchak's career came on a hot afternoon during the 1960 U.S. Open. He had led the event for 54 holes. But then a camera click bothered him and, while Palmer birdied six of seven holes, Souchak's game faltered. At left he has reached the 65th tee. In a matter of moments he has become an exhausted also-ran cooling his head in a wet towel. He has not really been a hot golfer since.



of golf Sam tends to be a little on the dour side. He does not smile much or comment about your good shots. He is a serious competitor.

On this gusty Sunday afternoon of April 8, 1956, Ken was certainly bothered more by the wind than by the fact that he was playing with Sneed. He felt a little disappointed at not being able to play with Nelson, but he worked hard all the way around and finally staggered in with an 80. When Jack Burke, playing ahead of him, shot a 71, Ken was beaten by a shot. Burke had made up an eight-stroke deficit to do it.

Ken had created a lot of excitement, among golfers and nongolfers alike, in making his great bid to be the first amateur ever to win the Masters. When it was over, a lot of people accused Ken, though not to his face, of taking the gas and blowing the tournament. Not Sneed, though.

"Ken didn't blow the tournament," Sneed said. "He just had a lot of trouble trying to figure out those real slick greens. The wind was bad, and after he'd miss the green with his approach shot it got awful hard to save a par because the little short putts he needed never seemed to break the way he thought they would."

All you have to do is look at a record book to see that Sam was right and that a lot of other players were having trouble the last day, too. Mike Souchak, who was playing with Burke, also shot an 80. So did Julius Boros, Nelson himself and Chuck Harbert. Jimmy Demaret, who'd won the Masters three times, shot an 81, as did Jack Fleck and Jay Hebert. Ted Kroll shot an 82, Lionel Hebert had an 83, Fred Hawkins had an 84 and Don Fairfield took 86 blows. So it is unfair to describe the 1956 Masters as the one Ken Venturi blew. Jack Burke won it.

After that cruel setback, winning at Augusta became an obsession with Ken. He turned pro in the fall of 1956 and joined the tour the following year. He was an instant success. He did not become eligible to start collecting money

until the end of May, but in his rookie year he still pocketed almost \$19,000. He won back-to-back tournaments in St. Paul and Milwaukee. He played in the Masters again in 1957 and finished 12th. In 1958 he tied for fourth in the Masters, just two shots back of winner Arnold Palmer, and won four tournaments that year. In 1959 he had trouble at the Masters, but he won more than \$25,000.

It looked as if 1960 would be a big year for him, and this was still true when the tour reached Augusta. Palmer started out the Masters that year with a 67 to Venturi's 73, but by the final round Ken had cut Palmer's lead to one shot and he was tied for second place with Dow Finsterwald, Billy Casper, Julius Boros and Ben Hegan. Playing head to head with Finsterwald on the final day and a few holes in front of Palmer, Ken turned in a fine two-under-par 70 for a final score of 283, one shot ahead of Dow and apparently out of reach of Palmer, who would have to birdie the last two holes in order to win.

Ken finished his round in high excitement. He was half carried, half pulled into Cliff Roberts' private quarters in the Augusta National's rambling Colonial clubhouse. He was being pounded on the back, cheered and congratulated. It seemed impossible for anyone to beat him. Ken had the feeling deep inside of him, right then and there, that he had finally won the tournament he had worked so long and diligently to win. He had finally arrived as a star of the first magnitude. Venturi was given a seat in front of a television set, along with Roberts and Jones, to watch Palmer's finish. What he saw was so heartbreaking and so shocking that it sent tears streaming down his face. On the 17th he saw Palmer barely reach the green with his approach shot and then pound in a 30-foot putt to birdie the hole. On the last hole he saw Palmer rife a six-iron to within six feet of the cup and then sink that putt, too, to win the Masters.

No one who has not been in such a position can fully comprehend the elation of winning any golf tournament,



His swing was rhythmic and his future unlimited in 1956, when Ken Venturi seemed about to become the first amateur ever to win a Masters. Then came a final-round 80 and the moment at right when a downcast Venturi is consoled by Tournament Chairman Cliff Roberts, while smiling Jack Burke—victor by one stroke—is given the traditional green coat by the defending champion, Cary Middlecott.



let alone one with so much prestige as the Masters. The money to be earned eventually by such a feat is tremendous, of course, but it is nothing compared to the deep and powerful satisfaction of knowing that forever and ever you will have that title—Masters Champion or U.S. Open Champion or whatever—after your name. Thus, it may be impossible for anyone not in golf to appreciate the nightmarish feeling that comes when something you know you have won is suddenly snatched away—for the second time. Ken has said that his mental anguish over Palmer's last-minute victory was so great that it was days before he could really take in what had happened.

From then on Ken, or Ken's game, was never the same. In August he won the Milwaukee Open, but he has not won since. The next year he slipped to 14th on the money list, then to 68th in 1962 with a scant \$6,951, and all the way to 94th in 1963 with \$3,848. His mind did not seem to be on what he was doing. He would sign an incorrectly marked scorecard and be disqualified. He would drive to the golf course, forget his parking sticker and be obliged to park a mile from the clubhouse and drag his bag all the way in on foot. In the Palm Springs Desert Classic, which is a pro-amateur tournament for the first four rounds, he hit the ball of one of his amateur partners by mistake and was disqualified for that. His tie-in as the playing professional at the Palo Alto Country Club broke up over a disagreement about whether or not Ken was living up to his part of the contract.

The worst thing of all, though, was what happened to his once beautifully balanced swing. He started crouching over the ball like a sprinter at the starting blocks. His backswing was so fast all you could see of it was the big loop at the top. On the downswing he cut across the ball from outside the line to the target, instead of from squarely behind it as he had always done before. He thus was never able to hit the ball with the old Venturi firmness. Even his putting

stroke fell apart. In Ken's once-confident hands a putter looked like a paperweight at the end of a string.

A number of his friends tried to point out one or two of the more obvious flaws in his game, but Ken had made up his mind to work things out for himself. He was not about to take advice from anybody. Once I told him "Ken, you're cutting across the ball all the time from the outside."

"That's the way I want to do it," he grumbled at me.

One of Ken's difficulties stemmed from his deep-seated self-assurance. When he first came out on the tour he was one of the best players around, even though he had just turned professional. He did not doubt his ability or his destiny one bit, and he did not care if he told you about it either. Ken was not conceited in the usual sense of the word, and he did not brag, but cocky is too mild a description for the confidence he felt in himself. The result was that when he began to fall into bad habits, he had too much pride to listen when anyone tried to tell him what he might do to correct them.

In addition, though he never talks about them, physical ailments have hurt his game: a back that pops out every now and then when he bends over to pick up his ball, a wrist that is constantly giving him pain and makes it hard for him to grip the club the way he would like to. All these have contributed to his collapse. But Ken has great courage. Despite the humiliation he must feel every time he misses the cut and has to pick up and move to the next stop while players he once beat consistently remain to compete for the championship, he continues to plug away. I have boundless admiration for Ken Venturi. He fights.

#### NEXT WEEK: ONE IS FUN, ONE IS FRIGHTFUL

Lema tells how, like Venturi, he cries a little at the Masters and how, like a hundred others, he swears at the U.S. Open.

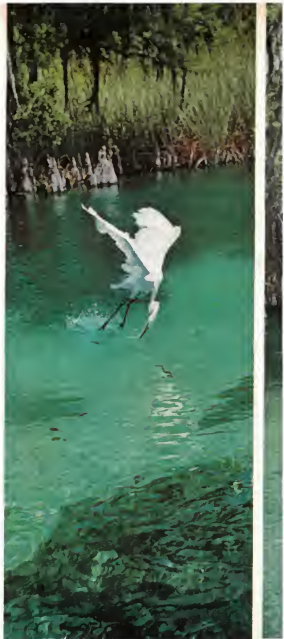
# SPRING ON A FLORIDA RIVER

Northerners who think of Florida as a one-season state may be surprised to learn that in late February thunderstorms bring on a unique and lushly lingering spring. Its delights are particularly noticeable along the Weekee Weekee River, where the season slowly blossoms into summer through March and April. After the first rains, frogs and toads crawl out from the mudbanks and go in search of still ponds. Overhead, the migratory birds pass through in waves, stopping only to feed on newly emergent insects. Resident fowl assemble in noisy, overerowed rookeries, made noisier by the continuous hatching of many different species. The details of this rich and variegated tapestry are enlarged on the following four pages in photographs by Shelly Grossman, and are interpreted by Mary Louise Grossman on page 43.

*A* bedraggled baby Louisiana heron, seconds old and still wet all over, looks at the world. It had struggled for 28 hours to break out of the shell.



American egrets are wading birds, but this one on the Weeki Wachee spends a spring day diving like a kingfisher. With long legs trailing, the strange diver momentarily hovers over the river, then plunges. Emerging with a flurry of water-soaked wings, the egret has its lunch.









# REBIRTH IN THE SOUTH

By MARY LOUISE GROSSMAN

**T**he catfish in the grass is a hungry alligator, intent on snatching up a bait. As soon as the ponds fill up with the spring rains, amphibians arrive in hordes to breed and spawn, and their predators follow.

**N**o sudden blossoming, preemned by quiet, prolonged April showers—and gone in a fortnight—is the Florida spring. Its arrival, fully four to six weeks earlier than the northern spring, is heralded by low-flying clouds and drenching but brief thunderheads. In the intense green of the new cypress needles and the bell-shaped green flowers of the trailing gray Spanish moss, in the perfume of the jasmine, the hum of the black vulture's courtship dive, the wail of the limpkins and the whistles of the otters on the river, in the throngs of migrants passing through from South America and Mexico on their way to northern nesting areas, the season surges forward in gentle and repeated ground swells, from the end of February to the first week in May.

One of the first signs of spring on the Weeki Wachee River, the southernmost of the big spring-fed rivers, is the soft, musky odor of fish bedding—shell crackers, stumptnecks and bluegills laying their eggs on the bottom in circular beds. Its northern equivalent would be the smell of the new growth of grass after a rain.

The temperature of the main spring that wells up from a deep crevice at the rate of 168 million gallons every 24 hours never varies from 74.2° the year round. So it is not the rain or the rise in air temperature that initiates the renewal of life underwater; it is the longer hours of sunlight and the heavy growth of algae on the eel grass, on which mullet and flagfish graze in schools. From a depth of 10 or 15 feet, tiny white flowers are shooting up on sticklike stems to be pollinated at the surface by wind or insect. Ocean blue crabs, grown pale over winter, turn bright blue, and the males of all the 71 salt- and freshwater fishes are displaying their breeding colors.

Having no watershed, the Weeki Wachee never floods its banks in the spring. Along its 12-mile winding course to the Gulf, flowers and trees grow to the water's edge, and their roots are never drowned, even though some are cacti and pines of the sandy scrub. The hammock, or climax forest, is only yards away from the cypress stands that thrive in water. It is a perversity of this climate that the cypress and other conifers drop their needles in the fall, and

stay stark and bare until new ones grow in the spring. Live oak, myrtle and magnolia are green all winter and, even though the turkey oak turns brown and the maple red, the big leaf drop does not come until spring when buds on all the deciduous trees push the old leaves out.

The early-blooming flowers are the copper iris, the trailing arbutus, the arum and the ground nut, which was once sought for food by aboriginal Indians, the Calusas and Timucuas.

Coinciding with the flowers are the universal spring peepers, which chorus here as loudly as in the north. The difference is that a small breeding pond is populated with many more species of frogs—barking frogs, gopher frogs, cricket frogs, emitting almost unbearable throbs of sound after a rain. The bullfrog's hurr-o-amph vies with the howling of the alligator.

The dragonfly nymph, which has lain on the bottom of a pond or tributary for a season, molts into five different skins before it begins to grab with pincerlike mouth every bit of available animal food—little aquatic insects, tadpoles, even smaller dragonfly nymphs. Finally, at about the 10th molt, the nymph has wing pads and climbs onto a pickerel weed. In a miraculous few hours it is transformed into a perfect flying machine. It then joins the myriads of other insects arising from the water and the earth, and will prey on the new crop of little white cabbage butterflies, dandelions and luna moths, and on one of the few hibernating butterflies, the morning cloak, as it comes out from its hibernary under the bark of trees.

The insect crop feeds migratory birds, filtering through from south of the equator, or mowing to go north. Strangely, the songs of these feathered travelers are garbled. Even the adults seem to have forgotten the notes that they will have practiced to perfection by the end of their journey.

Here on the Weeki Wachee it is not small groups of robins that greet the spring, but clattering flocks of 200 or 300, gobbling berries in the cedar and myrtle trees. The sign of their imminent departure comes when they fly down to the ground and begin to scratch for worms. As nervous as game birds, they

LOUISIANA

are hardly recognizable as the tame backyard birds of the North.

At sundown the sky may be filled with strange shapes—tree bats migrating back from the tropics and little brown bats that have spent the winter in caves, like their northern relatives. The bats, too, feed on the bounty of insects, as does the loudly crying chuck-will's-widow, which always seems to be heard when the bats are flying.

Weird sounds at night are the moans of the screech owls and the hoots of barred owls, defining their territories and calling their mates. Flying squirrels squeak in the treetops. If the moon is out, the mockingbird sings, mimicking the sparrow hawk and the jay. And the loudest and most eerie call, day and night, is the wailing of the limpkin, the snail-eating bird of the river, which can be heard more than a mile away.

Several miles downriver there is a partially completed osprey nest in the crown of a cypress tree. For three years the same pair has returned from South America on the 27th of January. Their history has been tragic. The first season, the nest tree was struck by lightning, and their second nest, in another cypress, was blown down along with the tree in a windstorm, in both instances killing the nestlings. Perhaps the third attempt will be successful. Every day they fly to the Gulf to fish, even though fish are plentiful in the shallow waters right beneath their nest. Four pairs of bald eagles, nesting near the river, compete

with the ospreys for food, and in the aerial squabbles that ensue the ospreys often lose their fish.

Although ospreys and bald eagles come back to the same nesting territories year after year, the black vultures do not. With the passing of winter, they no longer sit in ominous groups in the cypresses, but engage in spectacular chases over the river. At the end of great zig-zagging sky dives they pull up abruptly with the edges of their flight feathers curled—a phenomenon that produces a sharp boom, like a jet breaking through the sound barrier. When the courtship is over, they nest under the saw palmetto, on the riverbanks. There the young will start running about almost immediately after they are hatched, making runways like those of meadow mice. Unlike their ugly, bare-faced parents, they are completely fuzzy. The first down is white, and the second a startling orange.

Other unusual river babies, which do not appear until April, are the purple gallinules. The floating "houseboat" nests of the gallinules are sometimes rocked loose from their moorings in reeds by the passing boats. When this happens, the mother simply tows the nest back to its original place. The young hatch out with a claw on each wing—a throwback to the birds' reptilian ancestry. It is widely believed that a riverine South American bird, the hoatzin of the Amazon, is the only modern species that actually uses vestigial wing claws. But the performance of the baby gallinule is remarkably similar. The gallinule clammers out of its nest just hours after hatching and hooks its way through the foliage on the riverbank. In a few weeks, when the wing feathers have grown in, it loses both claws and the ability to use its wings as forelimbs. The gallinule has yet another peculiarity: its first down is black and red—warning colors, which appear to make it immune from predation, even by alligators and largemouth bass. The tiny birds swim in a line right after their mother into the dangerous middle of the stream, while the wood ducks and their young keep to the safer shallow water near the shore.

Snakes coming out of a winter of semibernation encounter a strange predator. The great blue herons along the Weeki Wachee have been seen downing both the poisonous water moccasins and the harmless banded water snakes in quantities. This ambitious feeder can

also swallow a sharp-spined catfish weighing a pound.

Tourists on trips up the river have actually changed the habits of two American egrets, long-necked and long-legged waders that should stand around in the shallows and spear fish in the tradition of their kind. It began with bread cast upon the waters. The captain of the *Congo Belle*, an excursion boat, long made it a practice to throw crusts into the river so that the fish would rise and feed and his passengers be amused. The first white egret that learned to associate bread with an easily caught fish became such a habitué of a certain bend in the river that it was named Snowball. It began by wading in farther and farther, wherever pieces of bread were floating, and finally became so proficient that it flew over deeper water and actually made dives. Another mole egret followed the example this spring, and both of them are now regularly plunging three or four feet below the surface, and coming up with fish—bread or no bread. This, in spite of the obvious fact that egrets have none of the physical endowments of an osprey or a kingfisher, neither the sleek teardrop shape, the diver's nostril nor the adaptations for seeing under water.

In the spring the wading birds travel to rookeries—to sleep, to fight over tight little territories, to mate and build nests. Hundreds of birds of predominantly white or blue coloring form masses in the trees, and there is a constant din—a deafening cacophony.

The largest rookery on the Weeki Wachee is a five-acre black willow stand in the midst of a sinkhole lake. In this highly protected woods—actually a swamp surrounded by water—snowy egrets, American egrets, anhingas, little blue herons, little green herons, Louisiana herons, night herons, cattle egrets and even red-winged blackbirds and boat-tailed grackles are nesting together and announcing the fact vociferously.

At the time of these nest-building and courtship antics, great numbers of snakes and alligators move into the area, ready to take the fish dropped from this bird city—or any young that may fall from the nests. The most troublesome predators are the thieving fish crows that rob waterbirds of the first, second, third and even the fourth brood until the crows' own young are off the nest. This consumption keeps the rookery production lines running far into the summer.

*continued*



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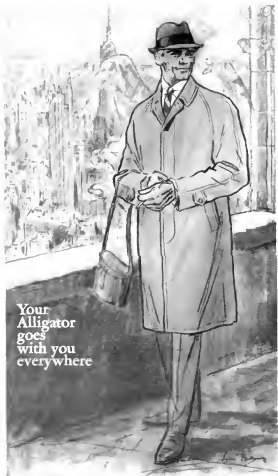
ever have to do a whole day's driving on the turnpike on a hot summer's day with the whole family in the car and the trunk loaded with luggage. (Who?)

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Of all the inhabitants only the cattle egrets seem to keep to themselves in a separate community. Believed to have been blown across from Africa on a favorable easterly wind, cattle egrets landed in South America and were first seen on the east coast of Florida in 1952, and have since made a whirlwind full-scale invasion. Although nesting near water, they spend more time in dry, open country—preferably pastures, where they follow the cattle and pick up insects disturbed by the animals' movements. So close is this association that the birds range some 20 or 30 miles each day to find a herd of cattle, always returning to the rookery at night.

Just as the opossum has spread to Canada from its southern haunts in recent years, the Mexican nine-banded armadillo has infiltrated Texas, the Gulf states and Florida. This prehistoric creature, which roots around in the riverbank, has such a keen nose that it can smell a worm through several inches of earth. The armadillo is one of the first breeders of the season, with the young coming in February—four from a single cell, all of the same sex. Its habit of burrowing into the ground is well known. But along the Weeki Wachee a skin diver may be startled to discover that the armadillo, like some kind of amphibious armored vehicle, can also escape its enemies by filling up air sacs and swimming across the river, or deflating them and walking across the bottom.

Raccoons raise young—the first of two or three litters—in the early spring. Along the river they are active in the day time, and the babies may be seen holding onto the mother's body and tail as they all shimmy down for a fishing trip from their den high in a hollow tree.

Their near relatives, the black bears, are destructive of cabbage palms—climbing up, tearing out the tender hearts of the "cabbagees," and killing the trees. One big bee tree, however—a living eyepew—is so tough that it is bear-proof, after seasons of onslaughts and many scars the persistent animals still cannot rip open the knothole and plunder the bones inside.

When the color, the sounds and the movements characteristic of the wonderful and complex Florida spring are over—when the last migratory bobolink has gone north—spring is just breaking, joyously, at Walden Pond and along the Concord River.

END



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Knocking Pitcher Whitey Ford off a Yankee mound is almost impossible; cutting in on Dancer Whitey Ford is unthinkable. Without even his spikes on, the Pied Piper of pitchers has just waltzed his way into fifth place on Arthur Murray's list of the top 10 ballroom dancers in the United States. Who is No. 1? Why, President Lyndon B. Johnson, of course, according to Twinkle Toes Arthur, who may be no Democrat but is certainly no fool.

The newest member of the Vintage Chevrolet Club, an organization of antique car buffs, sat happily behind the wheel of a 1915 Chevy, bouncing up and down for the sake of a photographer. But that was as far as 75-year-old Mrs. Louis Chevrolet was prepared to go to honor her late husband's name. When it comes to getting around, the widow of the GM pioneer who started it all drives one of Henry Ford's Mercurys. Why? "They gave me a better deal," says Mrs. Chevrolet.

"I hope to outlive all the kings so I can go to a lot of funerals," said jaunty old Harry S. Truman as he paused, scarcely winded, on his way to the Florida Keys after seeing the late King Paul of Greece safely into a grave. Was he planning to do some fishing? "Oh, no," bubbled the world's champion walker-talker. "I'm a politician. Bess is the fisherman. I just bait her hook."

When son Jamie and a friend roared into the driveway on two new motor scooters, famed Painter Andrew Wyeth and his wife could not resist taking a whirl. Hopping

aboard, the artist tore off in one direction while wife Betsy went the other. Even so, they ended up in a collision. Checking out of the hospital Betsy Wyeth cracked, "We'll probably be back on those scooters next week." Since her realist husband is encased in a knee-to-toe cast, it may be a month.

Film stars find immortality in a slab of cement outside Grauman's Chinese Theater. Politicians are remembered through bridges and highways. Now Promoter Jack Kramer has decided to make the great names of the tennis world live forever by using them to designate the nine courts of his swank new California tennis and swim club. "I'll meet you for a fast set at 2 o'clock," the Kramer membership will soon be saying, "on Pancho Segura."

Next to playing a love scene with Sophia Loren, the most dangerous way to pass an evening in Rome may be to drop in at a prizefight. That, anyway, is what Italian heart-throb Marcello Mastroianni (right) discovered in his ring-side seat at the Griffith-Duran welterweight go, as fellow fans expressed their disapproval of the action with a barrage of tossed shoes and pop bottles.

"Except for the exercise you get from walking, golf does nothing to help a football player," said Green Bay Coach Vince Lombardi, as he teed off in San Juan, P.R. with Boxer-Golf Pro Chi Chi Rodriguez. Eighteen holes later the twosome returned to the clubhouse. "I outweighed him by 100 pounds, and he out-drove me by 100 yards," grumbled 215-pound Duffer Lombardi.

"I'd like to express the appreciation of the Kennedy family to the Red Sox and to Tom Yawkey," said U.S. Senator Ted Kennedy after the Boston baseball man announced that the entire proceeds (an anticipated \$50,000) from his team's opening game would be donated to the \$10 million JFK Memorial Library at Harvard. "Sports always played an important part in the President's life," continued Ted, "but actually the best ballplayer in the family was my father, who played first base at Boston Latin School and then at Harvard with the class of '12."

A former captain of the West Point tennis team (1922), General Maxwell Taylor once listed a tennis racket as a basic item of equipment for all officers serving in his command. Last week, his faith in the power of sheer gut earned the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs a place on the Board of Di-

rectors of the National Lawn Tennis Hall of Fame.

Six months ago Airline Stewardess Frances Crenshaw knew scarcely a thing about either horse racing or ocean fishing. But after meeting this interesting man, she dropped in at the library, pored over the volumes on his two favorite sports and now knows almost as much about each as her brand-new husband Peter A. B. Widener III. And she always was a better water skier than he is.

After a lifetime spent sitting (theoretically, anyway) in the stuffy old House of Lords, Charles FitzRoy, Britain's 60-year-old fifth Baron Southampton, decided he had had it. Shedding the title that had been in his family for 184 years, the ex-lord walked out of the House and into the spring, remarking: "Now I can concentrate on wine, women and salmon fishing."





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## A dreamy new era for fish

Experiments with LSD-25 and other hallucinogenic drugs indicate  
it may be possible to spook trash fish up—and out—of angling waters

There are any number of wives who believe that fishing and mental illness go hand in hand, and now it turns out that, in a manner of speaking, they are right. Howard Loeb, senior aquatic biologist at the New York State Conservation Department Fish Laboratory in Livingston Manor, is feeding fish LSD-25 and other hallucinogenic drugs ordinarily used in treatment of the mentally disturbed, and if the experiments work out successfully—which they show promise of doing—their application will have a wholly revolutionary effect not only on angling but on commercial fishing as well.

An imaginative ex-paratrooper who has been in fish biology for 16 of his 42 years, Loeb often comes up with the unusual, working on what he calls "the fun stuff—the thing that nobody knows anything about." He devised the electric pond-shocker that conservation workers use to obtain fish samples. He has

worked on selective poison baits for carp, a trash fish that has ruined many game-fish waters in New York and other states, and is assisting an associate, Bill Kelly, in working on long-lasting dyes for marking trout. Several years ago Dr. Harold A. Abramson, Director of Psychiatric Research at South Oaks Psychiatric Hospital in Amityville, N.Y., chanced to read of Loeb's work on carp poisons, and he offered a suggestion: use LSD-25, a hallucinogenic drug derived from d-lysergic acid, originally found in the ergot fungus that grows on rye. Discovered by a Swiss pharmaceutical firm nearly two decades ago and later patented, LSD-25 is a potent tool in mental-illness research. It enables patients to recall events that occurred in very early childhood and that may be at the root of their difficulties. The drug is perhaps best known to the general public because of the psychological effects it brings

*continues*



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## FISHING

about. Colors take on great depth, music is physically felt rather than heard and happiness or frustration is often extreme. It produces in a normal person a state believed to be similar to schizophrenia.

That is why Dr. Abrahamson started experimenting with LSD. He is one of the supporters of the theory that schizophrenia is caused by a chemical imbalance in the body. If he could use LSD or another derivative of di-lysergic acid on a laboratory animal to bring about simulated schizophrenia, then find another chemical agent that could block this simulated case, he would have a strong clue to the mechanisms involved in clinical schizophrenia.

The laboratory animal that Dr. Abrahamson chose was the Siamese fighting fish. It was plentiful, cheap, almost as sensitive to LSD as humans, and could, of course, be closely confined. When Dr. Abrahamson released the drug into tank water, the Siamese fighting fish surfaced and appeared as if in a stupor. Depending on the dosage the fish stayed this way for hours, sometimes days, before resuming normal behavior.

For Loeb, who has far more ample fish facilities for testing fish than Dr. Abrahamson does, these initial tests were exciting. The poison baits used on carp had proved to be only partly successful, but if LSD could work on carp and other fish, the opportunities were unlimited for conservation authorities and sportsmen. For example, a pond loaded with carp poses problems. If any of the standard chemicals, such as rotenone, are used, all the fish, both carp and game fish, usually die, aquatic insects suffer and the poison sometimes lingers for months, preventing the restocking of game fish. But if a chemical could cause all the fish to surface for several hours without killing them, then the undesirable fish could be picked out and the game fish left to prosper. Again, a surfacing chemical would enable biologists to take a highly accurate fish census of a body of water without harming a fin. A low-flying plane could photograph a treated body of water, and biologists, interpreting the pictures, could get a count of species and populations.

Loeb first began testing with LSD-25, then, with the help of an American pharmaceutical house, Eli Lilly and Co. of Indianapolis, started testing other compounds made from di-lysergic acid. So far Loeb has tested some 40 drugs

continues



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supplied by Lilly on carp, goldfish, golden and common shiners, blacknose dace, yellow perch, pumpkinseed sunfish, white suckers, bullheads, brook trout and brown trout. With the exception of the trout and the bullheads—which swim to the surface—the fish pop up to the top of the water, swim backward and often go into a stupor. Goodness knows what kinds of hallucinations carp have—perhaps they dream they are gillie fish—but they become noticeably lighter in color. Transferred to a fresh tank, affected fish appear intoxicated up to several hours, then become darker in color and start to respond by sight to people and approaching nets. Left in the original test tank, the fish snap to after several days. "My idea in experimenting with these drugs," says Loch, "is to find out which one brings the fish up the best with a modest dose and then become nontoxic the quickest." Loch already has discovered that he can tell if test water is still affected by putting it under ultraviolet light. If the water shows blue it is usually toxic.

Much work, of course, remains to be done. The drugs have to be tested on aquatic vegetation, insects and, ultimately, man. It is now impossible to use any of the compounds in the field, because no one knows what would happen to a person who happened to swim in or drink from a treated pond or lake. But the tests are most encouraging and the possibilities unlimited, both for sport and commercial fishing. "What I actually envision is the chemical harvesting of commercial fish," says Loch. "It's coming. We're going to bring the fish out of the lakes and oceans at our level. Fishing today is still in the hunting stage. Even though the Russians have huge factory ships with radar and all sorts of gear, they are not as efficient as they could be. That still is hunting—and what we want is fish farming. I can see the day," Loch says with a smile, "when you hack your freezer truck up to the dock and the fish just march right out of the water and fillet themselves."

"Loch," says Dr. Abramson, who marvels at the progress, "is doing real pioneering. He has the foresight to explore the unknown. He's doing important work in experimental biology, and I wouldn't be surprised if in studying fish he came up with a contribution of definite value for our work on mental illness."

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## The champions who had no chance

With nothing to work with but an eager young wingman, a topnotch goalie, two high-scoring oldsters and some of the best rookies in the league, hopeless Montreal somehow managed to win the title

Bernie Geoffrion and Jean Beliveau have been winning hockey games and hockey championships for Montreal for a long time now. But the shots that they will tell their grandchildren about in years to come may well be those with which they beat the New York Rangers 2-1 at Madison Square Garden in the last game of the 1963-64 season. On the day of the game the Canadiens were leading the favored Chicago Black Hawks by only a single point for their 14th league championship. With Chicago playing Boston at the same time and virtually certain to pick up two vital points with a victory over the low-place Bruins, the Canadiens had little choice but to win. So win they did—by the grace of heaven, Beliveau and Geoffrion and the narrowest margin possible, a single goal.

Even if the last games had gone the other way and Montreal had finished up

second by such a narrow margin, it would have stood as a major upset. For despite their lordly record of championships in the past, practically no one at the beginning of this season figured the Canadiens to finish better than fourth, and some thought they would do well even to make the playoffs. Last year the Canadiens wound up an inglorious third and were tossed out of the Stanley Cup playoffs before the final round. When the team mustered at training camp last fall all that was left of the old victorious outfit was a fat book of memories, a couple of has-beens, a flock of untried rookies, and some nondescript players acquired from New York. These last were the product of a deal whose major purpose was to get the skilled but temperamental goalie, Jacques Plante, out of Coach Toe Blake's hair.

In the first two months of the new season, the floundering rookies on the

Montreal defense allowed 57 goals to get past them in 19 games. The old ladies of Quebec Province who bombard Coach Blake with a steady stream of fan mail began to change their tune. "Why," wrote one, "don't you quit, you bum!"

In that trying time, about the only thing that kept the Canadiens from dropping into the league cellar was the unexpected brilliance of Team Captain Beliveau, one of the finest centers ever to play hockey. In his great years Beliveau, who has the poise and grace and something of the attitude of a matador, could work his fans into a state of emotional frenzy (an ecstatic woman once paid him tribute by flinging her corset onto the ice during a game). Last season Beliveau, who had begun to show his 32 years, had one of his worst seasons, and at the end of it he seemed finished as a major force in big league hockey. "I think I retire," he said; and the fickle letter-writing

*continued*



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## HOCKEY

Ladies of Quebec added a hearty "and about time, too."

But Jean Beliveau, says Montreal Managing Director Frank Selke, "is a proud man. He didn't want to quit on a bad season, so we persuaded him to come back." Traditionally, Beliveau is a slow starter but, realizing that the weakened Canadiens would need him at his best early, he worked himself into fine fighting trim at training camp and started the season with a rush of goals and assists. His fast early-season pace kept the Canadiens alive.

Alive, but not much more. Then toward the end of October, the faltering team had the luck of a man who staggers into an open manhole and finds a cache of stolen treasure. Gump Worsley injured his leg in a game in Toronto and Substitute Goalie Charlie Hodge was put in the net. Little 5-foot-6 Hodge, who looks like a mouse in thick padding, had often stood in for Plante. But, according to Coach Blake, "he could never overcome Plante's reputation. The closer Plante came to recovering, the more nervous Hodge got." Gump Worsley is no Plante and, as his substitute, young Hodge began stopping shots as never before. Blake assured him that as long as he continued to do so the job was his. "I felt," said the man who had earned the right to stand in front of pucks traveling 100 mph, "more relaxed then."

Meanwhile Blake's muscular defensemen, Terry Harper and Jacques Laperriere, were beginning to learn the wiles of opposing wingmen and turn their brutish young power to good use. Harper, at 6 feet 1 and 197 pounds, has the strength of a blocking back and the grace of a man floundering across a frozen lake in galoshes. By nature a shy fellow who abhors violence, he learned at last that if he were to make good in the NHL he would have to bump into people. "We kept waiting for the opposing wingmen to take advantage of his new aggressiveness," said Selke's son, Frank Jr. "But for some reason other players can't resist skating right at him. A very happy situation, I might add."

One of the happiest situations this year occurred when two Black Hawks broke in on the goal with only Harper to stop them. He did it by knocking them both down and skating off with the puck. With the situation in the Canadiens' goal and defense suddenly looking very hushish, the Montreal manage-

*a continuation of*



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**HOCKEY** continued

ment was pleased to note a strange phenomenon developing in their forward line. Former Center Dave Balon had managed to score only 16 goals in his entire NHL career when Montreal got him from the Rangers in the Plante-Worsley deal. But he was a naturally aggressive player, and Blake was eager to have such a man around. "There are some players on this team who haven't hit anyone in years," the Canadiens' coach once snapped. Still, nothing spectacular was expected of Balon, and he was assigned the no-account jobs—penalty killer and fill-in for wounded wingmen—that players of his station usually get. "If Balon had done just what we asked of him," noted Frank Selke Jr., "we would be fighting New York for fifth place now." But, put in at left wing for the first time in his life, Balon did much more than merely mix it up with the other teams' tough guys. Just as Hodge began stopping goals, Balon began shooting them and, as he did, Montreal's standing rose higher and higher.

Jean Beliveau, the washed-up has-been; Charlie Hodge, the substitute goalie who could never quite make it; Terry Harper, the rawboned rookie who didn't like to hurt people; Jacques Laperriere, the young man who turned up at training camp so fat and unfit that they had to drop him from the squad while he got back in shape; Dave Balon, a nobody from New York—these were the hopeless players for the hopeless team that ended by winning the championship. These, and of course the once great Boom-Boom Geoffrion, the handsomest, huskiest player in hockey and the darling of all Montreal. Like his teammate Beliveau, Geoffrion had seen better days and, like Beliveau, he had been ready to quit at the end of last season but, also like Beliveau, he hated the idea of leaving without one more significant boom. So they signed him for another year. The result: in critical moments Geoffrion let fly with a salvo of significant scores—nine goals that won games for the Canadiens. No other player in the league has been able to match it, and the old Boomer is once again crowning over the airwaves to his worshipful fans. You could have heard him just a few days ago over Canadian TV: "All I do the whole day through is dream of you," he sang to his fans, while a chorus chanted, "Boom-boom, boom-boom, boom-boom!"

**END**

# "Is there anything bad about borrowing money?"

Ask somebody if there is anything "bad" about borrowing money and he'll probably quip, "You have to pay it back." Fine, but that's more amusing than accurate.

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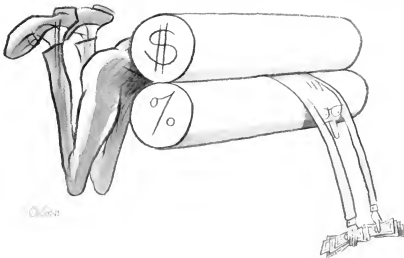
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REAL BARR

# THE DREYFUS CASE

BY JOE DAVID BROWN

*Conservative Wall Streeters still boggle when they think of how multimillionaire Jack Dreyfus enlivened investing's image by using a lion in his mutual fund ads. Now their awe is rivaled by that of horsemen who have watched him parlay \$7,000 and his keen eye for bloodlines into a highly successful racing stable*

CONTINUED

A man who picks a winner the very first time he bets on a horse race often becomes a victim of the same kind of pleasurable confusion that overwhelms a young man when he kisses his first maiden: he is convinced he has stumbled on a secret unknown to ordinary mortals. This is, of course, a snare and more often than not also proves to be a heart-breaking delusion. There are some few men who are fortunate enough never to discover this awful truth, and for anyone who demands proof there is the remarkable case of Jack Dreyfus Jr., a trim and unusually well-kept gentleman of 50 who is an authentic Wall Street tycoon, though he happens to have the good judgment not to look or act at all like one.

During his working hours, which are long and exacting, Dreyfus is president of the Dreyfus Fund Inc., a mutual investment firm which he took control of 13 years ago when it was practically moribund, and through skill, catchy advertising and devotion nursed into a financial colossus with some 215,000 investors and assets close to \$530 million. During his leisure hours, which are rare and blissful, he could once be found at the Cavendish Club playing masterful bridge with the likes of Oswald Jacoby and the late P. Hal Sims ("I was a bridge bum"), or cutthroat gin rummy that was even sharper than his bridge, or golf at the Metropolis Country Club, where he once won the club championship seven straight times. But he is now more likely to be located at a racetrack or puttering happily around Hobeau Farm, his 1,100-acre Thoroughbred racing establishment near Ocala, Fla. He is a man who is crazy about horses and, more noteworthy, horses have a way of returning his love in full.

Dreyfus is by no means the commanding figure in racing that he is in Wall Street, but he has been amazingly successful in both the running and breeding of horses. His personal definition of happiness is putting on old clothes, clutching a scratch sheet and joining the ordinary horseplayers in the grandstand, that pleasant place where a man can turn a

few dollars with a wise wager. Unlike some turfmen, who seem to take pride in relating how much they lose on their racing operations, Dreyfus could if he wished, only half a dozen years after acquiring it, dispose of Hobeau Farm for a hefty profit, and it pleases him to say so. This makes Dreyfus both an oddity and an enigma, for it is almost a hallowed tradition of the sport that when a millionaire takes up horse racing he should pay through the nose like a man. When asked how he happens to be so different, Dreyfus says modestly, "I've been 110% lucky. The rest has been brains."

Since no known combination of money and brains has ever produced good horses without the addition of some elusive and undefinable quality that might as well be described as luck, most horsemen accept this explanation. They usually point out in passing, however, that when it comes to horses Dreyfus seems to be lucky in the same way a fox is lucky. This has been true from the day Dreyfus discovered horses. That was back in the '40s when Dreyfus visited a racetrack for the first time with a group of bridge-playing cronies, including Hal Sims, who was renowned for risking a bit of his bridge winnings at a mutual window. The entire experience must have left Dreyfus in a happy daze, because to this day he cannot recall much about the track, except that it was in the New York area. What he can remember with tingling clarity is that while Sims and his other friends dropped bundle after bundle on successive races, he sat down and tried to unravel the intricacies of a form chart. When he finally decided he had a glimmering as to what it was all about, he began to bet. He picked a winner in each of three races.

From that day to this, Dreyfus has been a devout horseplayer, and he has never lost his touch. He is not a plunger, for he takes more pleasure in the game than in the money, but he impresses everybody who knows him with his knack for being on the right horse at the right time. Sometimes Dreyfus will

admit that if things came down to it, he probably could make a fine living as a handicapper. But if he has a secret he has difficulty in expressing it, except in the broadest and most elementary way. "The important thing, I suppose," he says, "is not to be emotional about it. You have to study a horse's chances in the same calm and detached way you study a stock investment or a business deal. This isn't a problem for some people. But I am an emotional man and, in racing just as in business, I've had to train myself to keep my emotions under control, to always depend on my head instead of my heart. You cannot eliminate risk, but you can be sure the risk you are taking is worthwhile. Some good horses run at odds that make them not worth the gamble; some not-so-good horses run at odds that make them worth taking a chance on. And the kind of luck you have does not change the odds in the long run. Trying to get even in the eighth race when you have had a bad day, for instance, is foolish. In fact, the time when you should really watch yourself is when you are losing."

Dreyfus, fortunately, is not altogether quite so cold-bloodedly cautious as this makes him sound. He did not, for example, sit back coolly and wait until he amassed a fortune before buying a horse of his own but, like many a good man before and since, he fell in love with a particular horse. "I went crazy about this Beau Pete mare, Bellesoeur," he admits. "She won the Astorita and Spinaway at 2, the only year she raced, and was placed second to Bewitch among the fillies in the Experimental in 1947, at a weight of 117 pounds. Only 26 fillies have been weighted at 117 or better in the Experimental's history."

Bellesoeur was far beyond Dreyfus' financial reach at the time, but he knew her from afar, and he was particularly pleased when she was mated to Count Fleet, another of his favorite horses. The colt produced by this union was Beau Gar, and Dreyfus bought a quarter of him for \$7,000, and later he bought another two quarters. Beau Gar had all the qualifications of a great horse but never

*continued*





## HEADS UP PLAY

Andy Bathgate, 1944 all-star forward, takes out Detroit Red Wings' goalie, Terry Sawchuk, to score goal in Nov. 22, 1955 game.

## HEADS UP LOOK



Andy Bathgate knows how to look his best off the ice, too. Greasy creams and oils plaster down his hair, pile up on his comb. None of that greasy kid stuff for him. Andy uses greaseless Vitalis®. You can't see Vitalis, but what a job it does!



Another Top Player in Beauty, Hair.

**VITALIS KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASE**

## THE DREYFUS CASE

amounted to much as a runner because he was plagued by injuries and bad luck. At this point a less astute man might have lost interest, but Dreyfus was still impressed by Beau Gar's obvious potential as well as his bloodlines. When Beau Gar was sent to stud in 1956, Dreyfus' instincts told him that this was his chance finally to acquire a good horse all for himself.

There are many wild and wonderful versions of what happened next, but the commonest one is that Dreyfus persuaded Lady Lawrence, who owned the remaining quarter of Beau Gar, to sell his interest for 150 shares of Polaroid stock. What actually happened is that Lawrence agreed to sell Dreyfus the quarter interest for \$7,000, and Dreyfus accepted. He then advised Lawrence to invest the money in Polaroid, a stock on which Dreyfus was particularly keen at the time. Lawrence thought this was a good idea, so Dreyfus bought 150 shares of Polaroid and sent them to Lawrence instead of cash. The details of this transaction deserve some attention, because at the time Polaroid was selling for a fraction more than \$46 a share. Since that time it has been split six for one, and at one point each share soared to a peak of \$260—which meant that Lawrence received around \$214,000 for a quarter interest in this unproved stallion. Dreyfus takes this into account when he sometimes jokingly says that Beau Gar was a decently expensive young stallion, worth \$936,000.

As things have turned out, even this price might not have been fantastically excessive for Beau Gar. He has proved to be a marvel in producing good horses out of not-too-fashionable mares, which were about the only kind of mares Dreyfus could afford before his own holdings of Polaroid, and other investments, turned him from a mere fair-to-do into an immensely rich man. Beau Gar now stands at Hobeau Farm, insured for \$1 million and available only to a few select non-Hobeau mares at a \$10,000 stud fee. Actually, Beau Gar richly repaid the money and faith Dreyfus invested in him with the first horse he sired. This was Hobeau Farm's famed Beau Purple, the erratic but fabulous bay stallion who

won five \$100,000 races, set many track records and was the only horse ever to show his heels to the great Kelso in three different races. Beau Purple went to stud this year and there is no reason to think he will not shape up even more brilliantly than his sire.

The odds against a man getting two such horses as Beau Gar and Beau Purple for a comparative pittance when he first starts putting a stable together are astronomical, and this is what some people mean when they say Dreyfus is plain lucky. Other people are convinced that Dreyfus proved to be one of the craftiest operators to enter racing in a long time when he had the good judgment to make a solid investment in an outstanding stallion, for, in retrospect, of course almost everybody can see that the unproved and injury-prone Beau Gar was a veritable gold mine. All arguments aside, it is a fact that Dreyfus showed much more judgment and restraint than most newcomers to racing, who usually splurge on flashy runners if they have unlimited means or, if they have limited funds, collect a stableful of mediocre horses and hope for a miracle. Perhaps the fairest evaluation of Dreyfus' success was made by Elmer Heuback, a seasoned and shrewd owner-breeder in his own right, who is Dreyfus' manager at Hobeau Farm: "Jack is lucky, all right, but he is the kind of man who makes his luck."

Dreyfus is enormously pleased with his success, but it embarrasses him acutely when he is expected to explain it. If pressed, he usually gives all the credit to his horses, especially Beau Purple, who is the apple of his eye. "Beau Purple is an interesting personality, you know," he says, seriously. "He's a great horse and he's nice, very nice. He's had me by the heartstrings for a long time, and he's more than rewarded me, no matter what happens from now on. Believe me, I'm so thankful and feel so fortunate to have had anything to do with such a wonderful horse."

This is the kind of monologue one of Dreyfus' friends had in mind when he said, not unkindly, "You have to watch Jack, or he'll sincere you to death." Dreyfus is a sincerely sincere man, for a

continued



***A loaf of bread,  
a jug of wine and***



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Romance, romance...give yours a beautiful lift with the sparkling new '64 Skylark. You're off and away from the crowds in seconds...new V-8 engine\* and new Super Turbine 300 automatic transmission\* combine to provide more take-off thrust and safer passing power. You enjoy a new quiet ride, too...no outside noises intrude on your very personal small talk. Inside, Skylark luxury abounds, and the price for all this is right down with the low-price names. Skylark is fun, Skylark is fancy, and . . .

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Mrs. Reed Allen, well known in the theater world, is a regular traveler on the elegant S.S. United States.



Mr. Dick Cherkley, Chairman of American Products, Ambler, Pa., has made many crossings with us.

Imagine yourself on the deck of the S.S. United States! You came aboard to the tinkle and gaiety of a bon voyage party. You waved goodbye and watched this great ship move out from the pier... and slowly turn toward Europe.

You lingered over a superbly prepared dinner last night. You danced in a softly lit ballroom. You slept late in a bed that felt as though it were made for royalty. This morning you're refreshed by a plunge in the salt water pool. You've discovered that a game in this champagne-like air is one of the world's

finest tonics. And these are only a few of the pleasures that make S.S. United States the meeting ground of some of the most traveled people on earth.

The S.S. America is equally popular and lets you spend two extra days at sea. Whether you are going to Europe on pleasure or business, there is no more luxurious or restful way to travel than on one of these two great ships.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT. Fares are lowest in the Thrift Season with additional 10% reduction on round trips, even if one way is by air.

S.S. UNITED STATES  
S.S. AMERICA

# UNITED STATES LINES



fact. He also is a highly conspicuous example of what people mean when they describe a man as being smart. He is unfailingly polite and inebriated, and over the years some notably hardhitten turf writers and sports columnists have testified that he is likable and charming. When he relaxes he can be witty and even whimsical, and he frequently complains that he does not relax enough. "I'm just learning not to take things too seriously," he says. But Dreyfus' pleasant manner never quite disguises the impression that he would be a stern man to take on in a business deal, a card game or, perhaps, even a catch-as-catch-can scrap, for though he is of medium height and slightly built, he also is tanned, fit and quick.

This impression is valid. Dreyfus is, to start with, something of a mathematical wizard, and he can calculate the cost of a load of hay, the profit on a complicated stock deal or the odds on a horse race in a flash. He also is a fierce competitor, with a compulsion to excel in everything he undertakes, a trait attested to by his bridge and golf opponents.

Dreyfus' own rise in Wall Street has been so steady and so completely expected by everyone who knew him that even his biggest admirers seem more or less to take it for granted. One asked, "What is there to say, except Jack worked like hell, worried a lot and never put his foot wrong?" Dreyfus sometimes sounds as if his life was, and is, one long uphill struggle, but it is a fact that from the time he first landed in Wall Street he has had no major setbacks and has encountered relatively few rough spots. Except for a couple of years of youthful floundering, he has always been headed upward. Because he has not retained a hint of a southern accent, most people are surprised to learn he was born and reared in Montgomery, Ala., where his father was in the candy business. After graduating from Sidney Lanier High School and winning two city golf championships, he went off to Lehigh University, where he majored in economics and captained the golf team. On his graduation from Lehigh in 1934, Dreyfus, almost automatically, went into candy. "I

honestly had no firm idea about what I wanted to do or become," he says. "I do know that I had never had a single thought about Wall Street." After lifting sugar bags and emptying them into a mixing vat for a short time—\$15 a week and all the candy he could eat—Dreyfus decided he was not that fond of candy. He then tried his hand at selling insurance, and he still winces somewhat when he recalls it. "The first time I tried to sell a policy I was so completely bad and miserable that I left the man's office and cried," he says. In 1936, after a short stint in a New York industrial design firm, he drifted into Wall Street as a junior customer's man for E. A. Pierce & Co., which later became Merrill Lynch & All the Rest.

Dreyfus still insists, to the amusement of everybody who knows him, that he was a poor customer's man, because he has no knack for selling. ("Jack could sell Living Bras in Bali," says a onetime associate.) Except for a brief hitch in the Coast Guard during World War II, Dreyfus remained with the Pierce firm until 1945. Not long afterward he and three partners took over Lewisohn & Co. and, at 34, he was the youngest senior partner of a Stock Exchange firm. From there it was only a short, bold step to the organization of Dreyfus & Co., Dreyfus' own business. When he discusses this comparatively brief period of rocketing success, Dreyfus always recalls that he "made all the mistakes in the world." It also is true that he made a great deal of money.

**D**reyfus first became interested in the possibilities of mutual funds when he and his associates took over management of The Nesbitt Fund, which had been organized in 1947 and had attained only lackadaisical success. Almost anything said about a mutual fund nowadays draws an angry rebuttal from some sector of the brokerage business, but it still is fairly safe to state that a mutual fund is designed for investors who prefer to pool their funds in a single kitty instead of playing the securities market themselves or having a regular broker do it for them. This kitty is then taken over

by a management board, presumably skilled, which buys securities when they promise to go up, dumps them when they seem about to go down and, in simple terms, plays the market by taking what it considers reasonable risks. There are many arguments for and against mutual funds. The controversy has nothing to do with the fact that the more Dreyfus thought about mutual funds, the more convinced he was that they would have a wide appeal to the thousands of unskilled investors with limited means who had been rushing into the market in increasing numbers since the mid-'40s. Through newspaper and direct-mail advertising most progressive brokerage firms were trying to get a share of this tremendous new business.

In 1951 Dreyfus changed the name of the limping Nesbitt Fund to the Dreyfus Fund Inc., and really went to work. Some brokers believe there would have been a boom in mutual funds even if Dreyfus had not entered the field. Nevertheless, they agree that Dreyfus opened up the business and pioneered the merchandising methods most mutual funds now use. Dreyfus was ideally suited for the job. Since the mid-'40s he had been attracting attention and building a reputation for nonconformity because of the ads he had been writing for his firms. Stringent SEC regulations limit the enthusiasm with which stockbrokers and funds can advertise. Until Dreyfus achieved a breakthrough, such advertising was almost always on the dull side. By paying no attention to the prevailing belief that brokerage advertising had to be dull to be dignified and by adding a little sporting zest to the message, he produced a series of advertisements that were sprightly and amusing.

Dreyfus hires a New York firm to handle the fund's advertising, but he closely supervises every detail. Out of this collaboration have come two memorable television commercials; one is considered by some experts to be the most intriguing and best ever produced. This is a one-minute film which shows a real lion stepping from a subway train at the Wall Street station. With the majestic and unburied tread of a board chairman, the lion ascends the stairs,

*continued*



Famous commercial that shows two stuffy investors playing ping-pong at their club was embellished—at the delighted insistence of Dreyfus himself—with a Beau Purple statue.

walks down the street past a newsstand and enters the Dreyfus building, where it leaps on a block bearing the name DREYFUS. Except for a single-sentence statement at the end, telling what the Dreyfus Fund is and what it does, there is no spoken message. The other commercial is a cartoon that shows two dignified old gaffers lazily betting a ping-pong ball back and forth while seated in immense easy chairs. One finally asks the other who his broker is, and he answers, "Why, Dreyfus, of course." That is all. This is Dreyfus' favorite, because he had the cartoonist put a small statue of a horse in the scene, which he labeled Beau Purple. Unfortunately for television viewers over most of the country, the commercials so far have been shown in only half a dozen large and investment-conscious cities.

Getting customers for his fund is, of course, only the first part of Dreyfus' job. His own chiseled words in countless brochures have explained his major objective: "In the Dreyfus Fund we hope to make your money grow, and we intend to take what we consider sensible risks in that direction." Any discussion about how well Dreyfus has succeeded in achieving this goal also opens up con-

trovery. Not because the money in his fund has not grown; nobody contends that. The angry cries come from brokers who contend they could have done better. It is a matter of record that if an investor had put \$1,000 in the fund on Jan. 1, 1954 and had reinvested all dividends and capital gain distributions he would have \$5,824 today.

Dreyfus is prone to brood on the cause and meaning of success, and he accepts utterly and devotedly the philosophy propounded by Mark Twain, who is his idol. He has a framed photograph of Twain in his office, and he is always passing out collections of Twain's writings to acquaintances. Twain deals with success in *What Is Man*, a Socratic essay that was published privately in 1906. It is not generally regarded as one of Twain's more important works, but it strikes a fervent response in Dreyfus. In the essay Twain held that everyone is the product of two things: his machine (body, brain, nervous system) and his environment. His main thesis is that human beings are the helpless victims of the kind of machines they receive at birth and the way these machines react to environmental conditioning. Dreyfus agrees wholeheartedly with Twain's con-

vention. "Nobody can justly be proud of any achievement," he says, "nor can anybody justly claim credit for any mis-achievement, such as a crime. Given the environment and machine of a criminal, one would inevitably be led into a life of crime."

This seems to explain why Dreyfus is so modest. It also suggests why, when he tries to account for his success in business, he says very much the same thing Elmer Heubeck said about his success in racing: "I've been lucky, I guess. But some people throw luck away. Being in business is like playing in a card game. Certainly, there is an element of luck, but skill predominates. Skillful people take advantage of luck."

This is not exactly the kind of talk one normally expects from a Wall Street bigwig. But, as people in racing also are discovering, Dreyfus is a highly unorthodox man. One of the first things he did after buying Hobau Farm, for example, was to enclose it with miles of new post-and-rail fences all painted a soft blue instead of the traditional white. (The fencing, it might be noted, was frugally constructed from trees knocked down during construction of the farm's facilities.) Some people have been upset by the blue fences, and others have wondered what Dreyfus had in mind. Actually, the only reason was that he likes the color blue—he always wears blue shirts—and he thought the blue looked nice against the green grass.

Dreyfus probably is the only owner of even middling status who does not have a clubhouse box at a single racetrack. "It is not that I have anything against clubhouse boxes," he says. "It is just that racing is my hobby, and if I sat in a clubhouse I would not be able to relax. I would always be dragged into conversations about Wall Street and investments."

As far as it goes, this explanation seems valid enough. But it also is obvious to anyone who knows him that Dreyfus enjoys the jostling, colorful, seamy side of racing that most rich owners do not appreciate or even know much about. Dreyfus has a tender regard for pious but poor horseplayers, and it always pleases him mightily when he is mistaken for one. One of his happiest

*continued*



## Evolution



## Revolution

The world-famous army 'Jeep' vehicle started it all. Then came the evolutionary changes. Sensible changes. Like more ground clearance. Stronger suspension. Weather proof tops. Fun changes. Like pink and white striped upholstery. Fringed surray tops. Lively colors. A sports roadster. A station wagon — rugged, durable, designed for work and play.

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memories is of the time a racetrack guard sized him up as he was standing around tieless and unpressed, and tried to eject him from the owners' enclosure at Gulfstream Park. He also glows when he recalls the time a kind lady slipped a quarter in his pocket after he presented her with a program he had picked up off the floor.

Dreyfus prefers to go to the races in a sports shirt, but when he has a horse running that might win he usually puts on a jacket and tie. Sometimes he misjudges his horse. When one of his fillies, Red Belle, won a stakes race at Aqueduct last year, Dreyfus had to leave the cheap seats and walk down to the winner's circle, where he cut an unusual figure in his informal attire.

Dreyfus is not out to attract attention with his casual dress. It is just that he does not have much patience with customs or habits that he feels do not serve a useful purpose. Shortly after Beau Gar went to stud, for example, Dreyfus wanted to find some mares for him, but in Thoroughbred circles you just do not go out and rent mares. Dreyfus did. A man who was well aware of the power of advertising, he startled the stud turf world with a two-page ad in the *Blood-Horse*:

"We will pay up to \$6,000 cash *now* for service to your mare [next year]. We keep the foal. If this seems like an unusual offer, let us explain. We have a horse (Beau Gar) who has had bad luck throughout his racing career. We won't bore you with the details. However, he showed us enough to make us believe he could have been a top race horse. Because of his breeding, disposition and the flashes of speed he showed, we believe he has as good a chance as any horse to be a top sire. Instead of asking others to gamble on his potentials as a sire, we are willing to do so ourselves. We will pay from \$2,000 to \$6,000 (depending on the mare) for a service to your mare. We will assume risk of live foal. The foal to be ours. . . ."

Everyone predicted that Dreyfus would be swamped with letters from owners of moderate mares but, surprisingly, he received comparatively few. He did get a letter from a Mrs. Grayce Mar,

who offered to sell him a mare called Water Queen. Water Queen's breeding was certainly respectable—by Johnstown out of a War Admiral mare—and she had been sound enough to start nine times but had not been able to win in \$1,000 company.

Dreyfus bought Water Queen for his first broodmare. She was bred to Beau Gar and dropped Beau Purple early in 1957 at a farm in Kentucky where Dreyfus then boarded his horses. Beau Purple was turned over to G. P. (Maje) Odum, who was Dreyfus' trainer at the time.

Dreyfus has good cause to love Beau Purple now. He even had good cause to love him at the start, because he was his first colt. But it took a remarkably loyal man to love Beau Purple throughout much of his racing career. A dubious ankle kept the colt out of the races as a 2-year-old. At 3, Beau Purple won the Derby Trial, but came out lame. After apparently recovering, he made a try for the Withers, but emerged from that race with a limbed fracture of the pastern. Beau Purple raced four times as a 4-year-old but failed to score, so it was feared he had not completely recovered from his injuries and he was given the rest of the year off.

**E**arly in 1962, now a 5-year-old, Beau Purple finally won an allowance race at Hialeah. Dreyfus and Maje Odum were so pleased that they decided their horse was ready for a chance at big money, and they entered him in the \$100,000 Gulfstream Park Handicap. As a prep race, they entered him in the Appleton, and he won by four and a half lengths. But when Beau Purple ran at Gulfstream in the big one, he came in an indifferent sixth.

Next Beau Purple was entered in a one-mile allowance race at Aqueduct, and he won it easily, equalling a track record set by Bald Eagle two years before. This so impressed the handicapper that he gave Beau Purple 120 pounds in his next race. He finished ninth. It went this way through most of the early part of the year. Dreyfus was convinced he had a top horse. Other people were con-

vinced he had a top horse. But Beau Purple was exasperatingly unconvicted. Somewhere around this time Dreyfus and Maje Odum parted amicably, but it was no secret that Dreyfus felt he needed a trainer who would devote more time to Beau Purple, and he hired Allen Jenkins.

When the Suburban rolled around, Beau Purple had not only a new trainer but also a new jockey, Bill Boland. The Suburban was a four-horse race. In addition to Beau Purple, Garwol was entered, yet it was clearly understood that it was a duel between Kelso, at 4 to 5, and Carry Back, 2 to 1. But from the time Beau Purple reached full stride the outcome was never seriously in doubt. He set an Aqueduct record of 2:00  $\frac{3}{5}$  for the mile and a quarter. Kelso came in second, and Garwol was third. Beau Purple paid \$12.60, and if he had never run again, says Dreyfus, it all would have been worthwhile.

But Beau Purple continued his unpredictable ways, and sometimes they were joyously unpredictable. At the Hawthorne Gold Cup, for example, the track was sloppy and it was believed Beau Purple did not have a chance. He won handily. In the Man o' War at Belmont he had to run on grass for the first time, and the distance of a mile and a half also was new for him. Kelso and Carry Back were in the race, and Beau Purple went to the post at 20 to 1. But he took the lead and held it, grass and all, and set another track record: 2:28  $\frac{3}{5}$  for the 12 furlongs. In the Widener, Beau Purple stumbled coming out of the starting gate, yet he won anyway. In all, he has turned in \$445,785 worth of unpredictability, which makes him an investment to rival Polaris.

Jack Dreyfus, the master of Hoboken Farm, is a shrewd man. He can watch the hands played in a bridge game and keep a mental file of the cards that remain unplayed. He knows the probable earnings of scores of obscure stocks. He has a thorough grasp of the theory of probability. But he now admits that he still has not fathomed the mysterious ways of Beau Purple. "I never gave up on him," he often says. "Never once." And he can't explain why. **END**





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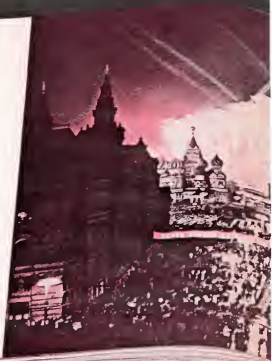
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156



## The textbook that adds

The fourth "R" stands for Red. As in Communist. Students in America can be as familiar with Bolshevism as Biology because of a new textbook about Communism, now available to high schools.

Called "The Meaning of Communism," this pictorial textbook covers Communism's begin-

nings, the tragedies of the Industrial Revolution that inspired Marx to write "Das Kapital," continues through the terror of the abortive 1905 Russian uprising and the triumph of the 1917 Revolution and concludes with the technology of the Khrushchev era.

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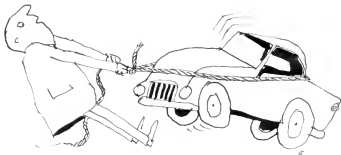
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## Table Talk with Young Li of Red China

Li Fu-jung is given a hero's treatment in the People's Republic for his rise toward a world table-tennis championship by EDGAR CLARK



Li Fu-jung, an engagingly cocky young man from Shanghai, may be on his way to a world championship in table tennis. But even if—against all the signs—he fails to make it, his place in the record books of the sport is secure and brilliant. So is his symbol value to Communist China which, in a mere handful of years, has trained its table-tennis players to such a peak of skill that they are in the international forefront of this once uniquely Western game. Li lost out in a try for the world title in table-tennis singles last spring in Prague. It was no doubt disappointing to his ambition but not to his patriotism, for he was defeated by another Chinese, Chuang Tse-tung. Chuang was defending his title as world champion won in Peking in 1961. In the 10-day tournament in the Czechoslovakian capital (with 55 nations competing), China took three titles out of seven at stake; Japan won the other four. In the finals for the men's doubles title, all contestants were Chinese.

The prestige the victors bring home with them seems to Americans, used to the more spectacular champions of baseball and boxing, out of all proportion to the achievement; but table tennis has caught the fancy of the Chinese, and its

experts are headlined as national heroes in the government-controlled press. It may have been astonishing to the propagandists that table tennis, of all sports, should turn out to be the most popular with the masses. But there was nothing ideologically against it, for it is official policy in China that everybody should be in the pink of condition. The workers like the doctrine because they get time off from work for sport.

Li Fu-jung is 21 years old and an undergraduate at the Shanghai Institute for Physical Culture. He hopes to become a sports instructor and table-tennis trainer.

Li is about 5 feet 7 inches tall, broad-shouldered and stocky for his height. He has sinewy forearms, long-muscle upper arms and the legs of a boxer, with well-developed thighs. His complexion is ruddy-tan rather than olive; he has thick black hair. "At school," he told an interviewer not long ago, "we had an old wooden tennis table and some very much used plain wooden rackets with no sandpaper or rubber surfaces. I often stayed after school to play with anyone who would play with me. When I came home late my father used to make fun of me and say, 'A queer sport you've

chosen—such a tiny ball.' I liked the game too much to mind the teasing. By the time I was in the fourth grade I had learned how to hold the racket like a pen. It is the way we do in China and in Japan and Korea. Maybe it is because we are used to chopsticks. By the time I was 12 I was a member of my grade-school team. I went to high school when I was 14 and was on the school team there too. Then I went to a special sports school. There are 12 special sports schools in Shanghai."

The schools, he explained, are run by the Institute of Physical Culture and are supported by the city of Shanghai. Only the most promising youngsters are sent to the schools, where the training concentrates on international competition sports. Li was precisely the kind of athlete the school authorities wanted. "For me," he said, "this school meant hour after hour of playing, with the white ball flying back and forth over the net and with me getting surer of myself. Opponents didn't surprise me so much, and I learned how to meet almost any kind of ball."

In 1959, when he was 17, Li moved into the big time. He was chosen for a "team of representatives"—a national

*continued*

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## Li Fu-jung *continued*

cadre of 50 for international play. "It was a different father who greeted me then," he said, "from the one who laughed about the 'tiny ball.' This time he was proud of me. He liked table tennis now—gave me hints on how to play. He often referees Shanghai matches."

The conversion of the elder Li is a small sample of the table-tennis fever of the People's Republic. Even more than the rest of China, Shanghai has taken to the game. Li's father works in the Shanghai Turbine Factory where there are 140 teams. Another employee of the factory is Hsu Yin-sheng, China's third-seeded player. Four to 10 persons form a team; they play among themselves and in championship matches with other Shanghai factories. Some observers (who of course have to do their observing at rather a distance) say that Peking is even more addicted to table tennis than is Shanghai.

The competition was tough, Li found when he joined the national cadre. "I knew I was entering the most important period of my fairly short sports career," he said. "I kept asking myself, 'Will I do well or will I be defeated by dozens of outstanding players growing up in many Chinese cities?' When a team was chosen to represent China for the world championships at Dortmund in West Germany in 1959, Li failed to make it.

The Dortmund meet was a new goal for Li's ambition. In fact, for all his sports-minded countrymen. The men's singles there was won by Jung Kuo-tsun. Propaganda apart, the victory had a tremendous effect. It heightened Chinese hopes of coming to the front in other sports, and it turned the popularity of table tennis in China into something very like a craze. Players and would-be players, who numbered only in thousands before, multiplied to tens of thousands. European followers of the sport reckon that China now has at least one million players.

From Li's point of view, the best news out of Dortmund was the announcement that the 1961 championships would be held in Peking. "The year 1961 was my lucky year," he said. "I was not yet 19, but good training at table tennis and other sports helped me in the national tournaments." This preceded the Peking contests, and Li, who had trained with a vengeance after being left off the Dortmund squad, did sensationally well. He won all individual games he entered. He made the finals in the men's singles and

*continued*

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## Li Fu-jung

doublets and in the mixed doublets. It was the first major test of his stamina, a strain on his muscles and nerves. A former European champion said of his performance: "Li Fu-jung left no one in doubt. He won all events, one after the other. He used his own system of play with so many variations that they quite escaped the European observer of the pen-holder system. He spent hours and hours in conference with his trainers. Many times he had to change the style of certain services and drives, and all of this needed a lot of concentration, calmness, unlike diligence."

At Peking Li made the finals in all three events of men's play. In singles he lost to his compatriot, Chuang Tse-tung, 1-3. He played in the men's doublets with Chuang, they lost to the Japanese Hoshino and Katsura, 1-3. In mixed doublets Li played with a Chinese girl, Chan Joo-chen. Again they lost to the Japanese. But the Chinese took the men's singles for the second time running and won the team match. As for Li, as a runner-up in all three events, he was considered the best all-round player in the tournament and very likely to come on to conquer Chuang in singles at the next world meet next year in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia.

Li has an excellent build for the game and uses this advantage with deceptive ease. His broad shoulders fully back, his arms at the half ready like a wrestler, always in complete balance, he addresses the ball full on. His whole body is constantly in play. He is strict in observing the rule that the ball must be kept in full view at the serve, but he uses what appears to be sleight of hand: the ball is shown in his left palm and then disappears wifflly into play. His forehand and backhand seem interchangeable in power and accuracy, though the backhand falters sometimes in retrieving slow balls sneaked over the net in a change of pace. The accuracy of his smashing drive and his returns are close to perfect, and the speed of his footwork is remarkable.

In the finals at Prague, he moved like a champion flyweight when he played his countryman, Chuang Tse-tung. In the opening rounds, the sound of his feet supplied a constant rat-a-tat and thump as background to the staccato of the ball striking rackets and table. There was some talk at Prague that Li had been instructed to throw the finals to Chuang so that the Chinese could roll up a rec-

ord of an individual keeping the championship a number of successive times as Europeans have done in the past. But no one who saw the matches believed it. Li played hard and was out to win. The rumor may have started with those who find it hard to believe that a top player can be as good-natured in defeat as Li is. He is merry, in and out of play, and keeps his temper when he muffs a play or when the net bulls or white liners do not go his way. He keeps smiling, even if the smile has a touch of embarrassment in it when he makes a blunder. Observers at Prague had the impression that his coach took him down—or tried to—for his supreme self-assurance. He is no show-off, but his exuberance is remarkable and may have tricked him out of the championship.

Li's manner away from the tables is winning: the self-confidence is tempered with modesty. He is very serious about his career. "To talk about table tennis alone would not be enough," he said. "You have to train every day—in a general manner—away from the green table. That is why I play basketball, which trains your sense of perception. I also do track running and the high jump. I swim too. Every day you simply have to do something to achieve general agility."

He tries always for versatility in technique. "No matter how extensive your technical knowledge may be," he said, "I do not think that any one certain type of serve, smash or drive, is the one to beat an opponent. Every player has to make concessions to the other player's style. He has to be a master of all styles. One-sided players cannot compete at all in these times, considering the enormous rise in popularity of table tennis. Only the best of the best becomes champion of his country and then world champion."

The job of becoming champion of mainland China grows more difficult every day. Since the triumph of Peking, table tennis players who show any promise are taken over by the government as though they were a natural resource. A player found in a village is soon moved to a city and given a job and living quarters where the opportunities for training and competition are better.

In the face of this growing challenge, Li's life of cheerful austerity is still aimed toward becoming the "best of the best." He is a bachelor. "I have plenty of time to get married yet," he said, "I am the first real sportsman in my family because my parents had no time for sports."

END





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## Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

All week long sentiment had been building up for a bright New Mexico team that had intrigued almost everyone with its clean, expert ball handling and superb defense in the National Invitation Tournament. Hardly anyone except, perhaps, 300 loyal and hopeful Pennants among the 15,117 in New York's Madison Square Garden last Saturday gave Bradley a chance in the finals. But the Braves thrashed New Mexico 86-54.

For Bradley it was a wonderful finish. Despite a 20-6 record, the Braves were third in the tough Missouri Valley Conference, and Coach Chuck Osborn had welcomed the opportunity to show off his sky-high leapers and shooters in New York.

Bradley had almost no trouble at all with Army in the semifinals on Thursday. The young Cadets, with only Mike Silliman, a dandy 6-foot-6 forward, and a lot of bursle and muscle, had previously upset seeded Duquesne 67-65 in overtime. But the Braves simply overwhelmed Army. Joe Strawder, a gangling 6-foot-9 senior with a wispy goatee, came off the bench to score 19 points, Levern Tarr, a slippery 6-foot-2 driver, got 20, and Bradley won 67-52. There was, however, some consolation for Coach Tates Locke and his Cadets: They later beat NYU 60-59 for third place when Silliman lofted in a 15-foot jump shot with eight seconds to go.

Meanwhile, New Mexico, with its disciplined, patient attack built around split-second screens and drives off a double post and a fast man-to-man defense that had been the very best in the country during the season, looked good enough to beat the field. The Lobos also had Ira Harge, a poker-faced 6-foot-8 center from Detroit who played the low post, hovering around the basket like a giant hound dog, walking a tread possum like snarled up icemen, blocked shots, screamed for New Mexico's slick shooters and poured in points of his own.

First the Lobos gut down Drake 65-60. Apparently undisturbed by the Bulldogs' late surge that cut their lead to 61-60 with 1:18 to go, they simply went into a deep stall and waited for Drake to foul. Boo! His calmly plunked in four free throws to clinch the game.

NYU, after a typically dismal first half, suddenly roused itself to give New Mexico a battle in the semifinals. Happy Hairston and Barry Kramer got the Violets ahead by four points but NYU went off on a spree of errors after being hit with the thing it dreaded most—a zone press. NYU folded like an old accordion and New Mexico won 72-65.

Back home in Albuquerque, the folks were ecstatic. "The best thing that's happened to New Mexico since statehood," announced one fan. Responding to a campaign by Station KDFI, fans chipped in

more than \$5,000 to send nine vice-leaders to New York for the final game, and the Independent Investors Group of New Mexico installed 60 television sets in the 6,457-seat Johnson Gymnasium so that the students could watch their heroes perform. Governor Jack M. Campbell proclaimed Friday "Lobo Day" and then took a plane for New York with University President Tom L. Popejoy.

Bradley's Chuck Osborn was worried. He knew that his Braves had to stop Harge to win and Strawder, who had injured his ankle in the Army game, was the only hope. But Osborn was skeptical. "I haven't seen anyone who can handle Harge," he said frankly the day before the game. "I've got to be a Bill Russell, and Strawder has been an in-and-out-center all season."

Strawder was no Bill Russell in the championship game, but he was good enough. In the first eight minutes he put in a foul shot, a short outside jumper and a two-handed dunk. Harge, meanwhile, scored only a single field goal and also accumulated three personal fouls. Coach Bob King, nervously wringing the flaming red towel he uses as a pacifier, took Harge out of the game. Then Eddie Jackson, a smooth 6-foot-6 sophomore, and Bobby West, an awful little outside shooter, took over for Bradley. They led a three-minute 11-point burst, Bradley roomed to a 33-22 halftime lead, and the ball game was really over.

Harge started the second half but Strawder wheeled away from him for four baskets and added a foul shot. All Harge got was a single bucket—on a goal-tending call against Strawder—and he fouled out after 6½ minutes. Without Harge, New Mexico faded badly. The Braves treated the usually impenetrable Lobo defense with disdain. Jackson fired over it from outside and the drive Tarr, later voted the most valuable player, drove in for easy baskets. When it was all over, Strawder had 21 points, Jackson 14, Tarr 13 and Bradley an 86-54 victory.

Osborn later said he had not changed his style of play one bit for New Mexico. "I don't believe in playing for five months and then putting in something new for an hour and a half," he explained. "You just force a team to play your game when you're ahead. They couldn't stall when they were behind, could they?" But what tickled him most was the way his team played defense.

"The best we've done all year."

That night Osborn, happy with college basketball's second prize, settled back to watch the NCAA final in Kansas City on television. What he saw was almost as startling as Bradley's victory. Quick, pressing UCLA hammered Drake 98-83 to become the third unbeaten team to win the national championship (see page 161).

END

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BETWEEN THE LINES

Sirs:

I was interested to note that Jim Brosnan's article, *This Pitcher May Need Relief* (March 16), was the only feature on baseball in your March 16 issue. I must confess that his comments on the national pastime are becoming, for me, more enjoyable than the game itself. Perhaps next year at this time we may be fortunate enough to have Jim publish a journal on baseball as it is lived and played in Kyoto or Florence. After all, there is only so much that can be said about the unimaginative nature of American baseball management. Perhaps one day I will find that local publicity is better than no publicity at all.

Please publish more of Brosnan.

JOHN B. CARR

Milville, N.J.

Sirs:

Charles O. Finley can start back on the right road if he can acquire Brosnan. Baseball is getting dull enough without a helping hand from the White Sox from office.

JOHN WANCER

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

Being a fan of the Cincinnati Reds, I became a follower of Author-Pitcher Brosnan. In reference to two articles that have appeared recently in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—Trouble Spreads for the Yankees* (March 2) and *This Pitcher May Need Relief*—it seems to me that two problems might be solved here. It seems logical that if Ralph Houk grabs up Mr. Brosnan he would not only get grade-A relief for his bull pen, but it would be very probable that the Yankees would also get a book, with Brosnan's unique style, about Yankee clubhouse life. If the move to put Yogi Berra in as pilot is a step to humanize the Yanks, then why not go all out with Brosnan?

GARY C. HUNTER

Hiram, Ohio

## ON THE BOTTOM

Sirs:

Congratulations to Robert H. Boyle and SI for providing *A New Look into the Sea* (March 9), and for pointing up the fact that our oceans are not a bottomless fishery resource.

Hopfully many of SI's saltwater fishermen-readers will be moved to ask Washington why only \$167,000 out of a budgeted \$2.7 million has been made available to Director Walford and his dedicated crew in the Sandy Hook Laboratory who currently can work only in "water up to the knees."

JOHN G. ZERVAS

Chicago

## GOOD LITTLE MAN

Sirs:

In your article on Tom O'Hara (March 16), Mr. Brody says, "He is, in fact, the best miler in the world." Come now, are you ignoring the fact that Peter Snell has run three of the world's four fastest miles (3:54.4, 3:54.9 and 3:55.7)? He ran the latter two miles within two weeks of each other in May and June of last year, beating America's best milers. In Tokyo, Snell will prove once again that a good big man will beat a good little man every time.

JAMES WILLY

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

In my opinion Tom O'Hara stands with the greatest milers of the past decade. There is no telling how far he will go. With the zeal and tireless determination that he has acquired in this past indoor season, he will run a 3:52 mile this year.

JOHN FLYNN

Pittsfield, Me.

## CURF

Sirs:

Your mention of the city of Saskatoon in the article on Gordie Howe (March 16) may lead our police force to indulge in some wishful thinking about "all our citizens disappearing at 10 p.m." However, we enjoyed the rest of the article, especially the color picture by Bernie Fuchs.

ROSS W. MCKENZIE

DONALD R. WOOLLEY

Saskatoon, Sask.

## HOLY WAR

Sirs:

Before the recent Clay-Linton world heavyweight championship fight, I was thoroughly for Cassius Marcellus Clay. I looked up to him and respected the image he formed for himself, loud mouth and all.

But since the fight his image has completely changed, especially now that he has announced his religious leanings. How can I, as a white, look up to or respect a person who represents a group that is out for the purpose of suppressing the white race?

I agree with the current statement issued by Floyd Patterson and hope that he is able to make a quick comeback and wrest the heavyweight title from Cassius X. Then I, and all true Americans, can look up to the champ with respect, as he would represent the basic ideals for which America stands and form an all-American image for the whole world to see.

NORM FINN

Manhasset, N.Y.

Sirs:

I agree wholeheartedly with your SCORECARD article on Cassius Clay and the Muslims. I am not an avid Clay fan, neither am I a member of the Muslim cult, but I do believe that one should not be downed because of what he believes in. As you pointed out, the public has seemed not too concerned about a boxer's race, so why then is Clay rejected because of his religion? The public should wake up to the fact that it is a prize-fighter's skill in the ring that proves him a hero or a bum, not his background or religious convictions.

RICHARD C. GRADY

Rochester

Sirs:

After Malcolm X's recent statement advocating use of guns by the nation's 20 million Negroes, I trust the editors who wrote *The Black Muslim Hope* item in your March 16 issue realize the Black Muslim cult is far beyond being a religious issue.

HARRY MARSHINSKY

Haverhill, Mass.

Sirs:

Linton and Clay are both stumblers, if not as brawlers then as people. One an ex-convict and the other a Black Muslim.

Your support of these people is a disgrace to the principles on which your magazine was started and more particularly to the youth of America, both black and white.

J. A. KARELS

Mallard, Texas

## FRIDAY'S FISH

Sirs:

Re *Tank Champs* (March 16): Come now, you can't be serious when you say that Peckskill is handicapped by swim practice limited to "90 minutes a day four days a week." I know of a great many high and prep schools that would settle for that much water time. It means they practice every weekday but Friday. This day is reserved for interscholastic competition.

Spinks and Peckskill may be the "best prep-school swimming team in the country," but I'll string along with Williston Academy, Fitchamption, Mass. Williston's Jim Edwards, a junior, has already smashed Rerich's 200-yard and 400-yard freestyle national prep records. And he has bettered the national prep 100-yard freestyle mark set by Tom Hempstead of Pine Crest in 1962.

Edwards has been competing for only the last two years, according to his coach, W. S. Babcock and, moreover, he is a diabetic.

ALBERT SCHORNFIELD

North Hollywood, Calif.

continued

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## 19TH HOLE

### EAST IS MIDEAST

Sirs:

I had occasion to attend the NCAA Eastern Regional playoffs in both Philadelphia and Raleigh, N.C. It seemed, indeed, strange to me that Providence College and the University of Connecticut should be required to play Temple and Villanova universities at the University of Pennsylvania Palestra, which is, in effect, the home court of both these teams. I was equally disturbed by the fact that the universities of Villanova and Connecticut were required to play Duke at North Carolina State, which practically amounts to a home court advantage. Duke University is 23 miles away from Raleigh and had just finished playing three or four games at Reynolds Coliseum. In addition to these facts, some 11,000 of the 12,000 ticket holders were fans of Duke and the Atlantic Coast Conference.

Regardless of what many people may say, these factors have a considerable effect on both the visiting and home teams and the officials. I feel sure that the majority of basketball experts are in agreement on the value of home court advantage. It seems ironic to me that these factors should come into play in tournaments where actual skill of the teams is of prime consideration.

I would like to make a suggestion for what it's worth. This is, that the Eastern Regionals be played in a Mideast city and vice versa, a Mideast regional be played in an eastern city. The same would hold true for Midwest and Far Western Regionals. I feel that the added inconvenience and expense to the schools involved would be more than outweighed by the fact that the tournament would, in this way, be placed on a fair footing.

A. R. SHUMAN JR.

Lansdowne, Pa.

### HALLOWED GROUND

Sirs:

Three cheers for Ralph Colson. (SCORECARD, March 2). I was glad to read that another person has noticed that the stadiums and football fields in this country are kept locked and off-limits to our youths. If they were to climb the fence and set foot on the hallowed ground of the football fields they would be arrested as juvenile delinquents. Our town has three high schools—one of which is newly completed—but none of which has a swimming pool or other physical education facilities, except for the few "God-gifted" athletes. I have two boys, age 12 and 14. The 12-year-old has never been on a gym floor and the 14-year-old set foot on a gym floor for the first time this year. What we need are more people with Mr. Colson's views—especially on school boards.

WILLIAM M. REILLY JR., M.D.

Washington, Pa.

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